MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

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AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

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AGRICULTURAL.

MAY WEATHER AND WORK.

THE present season thus far has been unusually unfavorable for farm work. Although we have not had, perhaps, more than our ordinary share of rain, it has fallen late in the season, while occasional snow storms and hard night frosts have kept the ground wet, soft, and entirely unfit for working, especially on heavy and low land. Even now, (May 16th,) we find the soil in many places more unfit for culture than it was a month ago. Prof. DEWEY, who for many years has kept our readers well informed of the freaks of the weather, furnishes us with the following interesting facts:

"This is the coldest first half of May in 24 years, and even in 28 years, except that of 1841, when this mean was 43.8°. For this year the average is 45.4°, while that of 24 years is 53.7°, making this half 8.3° below the average. Last year, 1860, this half was 61.8°, which is 16.4° above that of this May so far.

"As the temperature of March was about the mean, and that of April 2° above the average, the blossoms of soft maple, common elm, liverwort and trailing arbutus appeared near the usual time in April. The soft maple put forth leaves the last of April, as well as in 1860. Forsythia, full in bloom last year on April 28, was at least ten or twelve days later in my yard this year; so was the leafing of lilac and horse chestnut. Vegetation was rapid the last week of April, but greatly checked by the snow and cold rain of the early part of May. Indeed, the mean heat of April was very nearly as great as that of the first half of May. So that the season is now later than usual.

"My Isabella grapes showed small leaves May 6th last year, but the buds have not yet opened; and so also the Frost grape in my yard. Last year the Hard Maple flowered and leafed near together, May 7th and 9th; this May, some Hard Maples, that bore flowers last year, have just fully leaved out, and not blossomed, while some with blossoms just put out, are now also sending forth leaves a day or two later. The cold weather of the first week killed most of the fruit of the Soft Maple, and all of the fruit of the Silver-leafed Maple (*Acer dasycarpum*,) has fallen dead to the ground.

"After the snow and rain of the first three days of May, we had frost on the 4th; a warm abundant rain on the 6th, with quite a gale at 10 P. M., and heavy all night; more rain on the 14th and 15th, and considerable wind. Though cool, the fortnight has been pleasant, and much clear, or little cloudy weather."

Wheat, and all winter grain, as well as fruit, have suffered by the sudden changes and occasional severity of the past winter, but more particularly, we think, from late hard frosts. More mischief, no doubt, was done in March than at any previous time. This is the case in our own grounds, and as far as our observation extends. It is perhaps too early to estimate the loss to our winter crops, but in this section, and in many others, it will be found quite serious. This unfortunately occurs at a time when we shall need a full harvest to supply the wants of the country, and at a time, too, when it will be difficult to procure the help necessary to make up the loss by the culture of a larger breadth of spring crops.

We believe we were the first to urge upon farmers the importance of extraordinary exertions to grow a large amount of produce, to prevent want and suffering in the present crisis of our country. Nearly all the agricultural and political papers, we are glad to see, are now giving similar advice. Some patriotic person at the East has issued a circular, which he is circulating among the producers of the country at his own expense, urging farmers to prepare to supply the demand which will be created for food by the "waste of war." All this may be thought unnecessary by some, but it can do no harm, and will be very likely to result in good, in directing the attention, which has of late become somewhat distracted, to the practical work of the farm, and in teaching us that we can show our patriotism by working hard, and making sacrifices to feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

The season being so backward, it will be necessary to put in crops with the greatest vigor, but it is not necessary that it should be done in a hurried and careless manner. In fact, haste at planting time, more than at any other, makes waste. Put in everything, then, a little better than usual. Do all that your experience teaches you is necessary to produce a good crop, and even a little more that your good judgment and observation indicates will favorably affect the result. A handful of well rotted manure in the hill,—not thrown down in a pile, but mixed nicely with the soil,—will show itself all through the season, and particularly at harvest. This will take extra labor, and make planting slow, and at first it will seem tedious, but when you get through you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your work is well done, that you deserve, and with the smiles of Providence, will receive a bountiful harvest. Don't be sparing of seed. Put in plenty, so that if a portion does not germinate, the good will be sufficient for a crop. It is better to thin out every hill of corn, than to have here and there a vacant space, and occasionally a hill with a single plant. One potato in each hill, and these three and a half feet apart, will not produce a large crop. Although hand-labor is scarce and dear, if we wished to produce a premium crop, we would cultivate but one way with a horse, putting the rows as near together as the use of the cultivator would allow, and the sets from fifteen to twenty inches apart in the rows, according to the growth of top. Fifteen inches is far enough for varieties with short haulms. This system requires a good deal of work with the hoe, but whoever tries it, with a good soil, a good variety of potatoes, and a little manure in the rows as a coaxer, will not regret having adopted it, when at digging time they see almost every foot of ground covered with fine tubers, and the pickers working hard to keep up.

If you have an acre, or a half, or even a quarter, a little better, deeper, richer, more mellow and cleaner than any other portion of your farm, devote this to roots,—carrots, parsnips, beets, ruta bags or kohl-rabi, one or all. If well cared for, they will be found of more value for feeding than double the product of the same quantity of land on any other portion of your farm. For the culture of roots it is necessary to have the ground in proper condition, to keep the weeds destroyed as fast as they appear, and the soil mellow. If the weeds once get the upper hand, weeding is difficult and discouraging, and the crop is about half ruined.

CARROTS—THEIR VALUE.

ON few subjects is there such a difference of opinion as upon the value of carrots for feeding. Indeed, some of the notions held must be very wide of the truth, for one farmer thinks them of very little account in feeding—in fact, about worthless—while others value them highly. One says they are very good for medicine, but useless as food, while his neighbor considers them food, drink, and medicine combined. It does seem to me that we should come nearer together than this; for if one is correct, the other must be entertaining some very foolish notions. Perhaps both are wrong, and the truth lies between. If so, it is best that we should find it out. Every time a few farmers meet, whether on the road, or at each other's houses, this question is discussed, and it seems to me we are getting no nearer the truth by all this talk.

A few years ago, keepers of horses in the cities paid a high price for carrots, and considered them exceedingly valuable, particularly in the spring of year, when horses needed something fresh and juicy; but some of late have become satisfied that it is not good economy, and will not buy, except at a very low rate; while others, if they could not get them without, would be willing to pay the old price, and even higher. Farmers, therefore, hardly know what to do, for the carrot crop requires a good deal of labor, and if it is about worthless, it is hardly wise to spend our valuable time in weeding carrot fields. Then, if well cared for, they yield a most abundant crop, and if as valuable as a good many suppose, we could do nothing better with our time and land.

I have been led to believe carrots are excellent for milch cows, and have used them for this purpose in a small way; but one of my neighbors, who has had a good deal more experience, informs me that he is fully satisfied that carrots do not increase the flow of milk, but rather the reverse, and has discarded their use in favor of ruta-bagas. There are doubtless others who have taken just the opposite course, and are fully satisfied that they are right. All this difference of opinion goes to show that we need more light on the subject—that we need some facts as a basis—a solid foundation—from which we can reason to correct conclusions.

According to the analyses of JOHNSTON and other celebrated chemists, it would appear that carrots contain very little muscle or fat-producing elements; and yet STEWART, in his stable economy, says:—"Not only do carrots give strength and endurance to sound horses, but also give recovery and health to such as are sick. There is nothing better, perhaps nothing so good. When first given, they are strictly diuretic and laxative, but as the horses become accustomed to them, these effects cease to be produced. They also improve the state of the skin. They form a good substitute for grass, and an excellent alterative for horses out of condition. To sick and idle horses they render grain unnecessary. They are beneficial in all chronic diseases connected with breathing, and have a marked influence on chronic cough and broken wind. They are serviceable in diseases of the skin; and, in combination with oats, restore a worn horse much sooner than oats alone."

Let those who are able, give us the truth on this troublesome question. L.



FIG. 1. FIG. 2. FIG. 3.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES — CORRECT AND INCORRECT POSITIONS.

FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.

IN the last RURAL we left the horse prepared for an equestrian expedition, and his fair rider ready to assume the "reins of government." It is very necessary that she "should have a policy" in directing her steed, hence we give some general rules to guide her movements if she would avoid the fate of CARRIE STANLEY, so graphically delineated on our last page.

MOUNTING.—Although too many cooks are said to spoil the broth, we consider two assistants better than one, when a lady is obtaining her seat,—one to hold the horse, the other to render her any assistance which may be required. HERBERT has given some valuable hints upon this point, and we quote:—"Having taken the reins and whip in the right hand, she will stand with her face towards the horse's head, and with her right hand on the left pommel of the saddle. In the left hand she will hold her skirt, in such a manner as to enable her to raise it clear of the ground. The gentleman will stand, facing her, and opposite to the horse's shoulder, with his left hand holding by his mane; this steadies the horse when the lady springs. The gentleman will now stoop and take the lady's left foot, which has been raised fifteen inches from the ground, in his right hand, clasping it firmly under the instep. The skirt having been raised to clear the foot, is now dropped, and the lady places her left hand on the gentleman's right shoulder, giving a spring to straighten the left knee. During this spring the gentleman will simply keep his hand still, supporting the lady's weight, but not raising her until the knee is fairly straightened, when he may lift her to the required height, but without trying to push her over on to the saddle. She will find her seat more easily without such assistance, which would often tend to throw her over the horse, rather than on his back. Being seated, with her right hand still on the pommel, the lady will, with her left hand, adjust the folds of her skirt. She will then remove her hand from the pommel, and place her right knee over it; when the gentleman will place her foot in the stirrup, and then aid her in taking proper hold of the reins and whip. When this is accomplished, the attendant at the horse's head steps out of the way, and the lady assumes the control."

DISMOUNTING.—When proper care is exercised, a lady may dismount with perfect ease. An exuberance of spirit often prompts a female to spring from her horse without assistance, but where her skirts are long, and she is unaccustomed to the exercise, she should never make the attempt. When her attendant has taken a position in front of the horse, and secured him, by releasing her hold upon the bridle and stirrup, and lifting her right limb over the pommel, which she grasps with her right hand, placing her left on the shoulder or in the hand of her companion, she may alight readily, easily, and in safety.

POSITION.—When a woman has acquired sufficient confidence to feel that she can manage her horse, the most important features in her education still to be attained are correct positions while in the saddle, and an independence of the reins for the security of her seat. We give a series of engravings, from *Hints to Horse-Keepers*, to show the difference between good and bad positions in the side-saddle. Fig. 1 represents the proper position, the figure being erect, directly over the horse's spine, the shoulders at an equal height, and the elbows near the sides. Fig. 2 shows a more common faulty position, the weight of the body being placed far to the left, and supported by the horn. This position is taken from a fear of falling to the right, and is most distressing to the horse, while it makes the lady look as though hung on a peg at his side. In figure 3, the last described ungraceful position is attempted to be avoided by a lady who takes her seat in the proper place on the saddle, and at that point, her courage failing her, bends her shoulders far to the left, by a combination of curves more remarkable than beautiful.

The spine should be perpendicular over a line running lengthwise through the center of the saddle, and the right leg, by which the weight should be mainly supported, should lie as far from the right as the construction of the saddle will allow. The right leg, from the knee down, should lie close to the saddle, rather than be pressed hard against it. Care should be taken to keep the foot turned to the right; otherwise the lady can have no firm hold, and it will break one of the most graceful lines of her flowing skirt.

It is also important that the stirrup be not too short. It should be of such a length as to raise the left thigh lightly against the leaping-horn, while the heel is very slightly depressed below the level of the ball of the foot. The leg can then be either borne hard against the horn, or lowered slightly away from it at pleasure.

APPLICATION OF GUANO.

THE following from the *Irish Agricultural Gazette* gives the mode of applying guano, common in that country. On this question we have many inquiries, which we can only answer briefly by advising that it be in all cases well pulverized, well mixed with the soil, and so placed, if possible, that it will not come in contact with the seed. A small particle of fresh guano, if it touches a root, will "burn" it like fire. If the quantity is large, it will destroy the root and the plant. We did a good deal of mischief with guano in learning its proper mode of application. About three hundred pounds per acre we have found the best quantity. It must be remembered that an Irish acre contains 7840 yards—about an acre and two-thirds English.

Peruvian Guano is generally applied alone, at the rate of about 6 cwt. per Irish acre for green crops, such as turnips, mangels, parsnips, potatoes, and carrots, but is better when applied in half that quantity, in addition to half the usual quantity of farm-yard manure; at the same time, it would be well to mix the guano with twice or thrice its bulk of common salt, ashes, or fine, dry turf-mold, to render it easy of distribution, and to preserve, or fix, the ammonia. These compounds should be thoroughly incorporated, and passed through a fine riddle to separate the lumps, which should then be broken to powder, and added to the mixture. The usual modes of application are—first, to strew it along the back of the furrow when the drill or ridge is half formed, or drill it in on top of the drill when fully formed, allowing two inches of cover over it, so that it may not come in contact with the seed, otherwise the latter would be destroyed; or, second, to spread it broadcast over the land, after it has been pulverised and prepared for drilling, and mix it with the surface with the grass harrow. In forming the drills, the surface mixed with the guano will be brought together in the center of the drill, and be so equally distributed through the soil as to be available to the roots of the plant in every direction. In the proportion of 1 to 2 cwt. per Irish acre, it is an admirable application to wheat, oats, or barley, after they are well-braired; and also to grass or meadow land. In these cases, the application should be made in mild or warm weather, during, or immediately on the approach of rain, so that the more soluble and volatile portions may be arrested and washed into the soil; in these latter cases it will be also necessary to mix the guano with the above proportions of salt, ashes, or dry peat mold.

A DAY AMONG THE BUTTER-MAKERS.

BUTTER-MAKING has been reduced to a science, and a good butter-maker is an invaluable acquisition to society. Make the tour of Orange, Ulster, Greene, Delaware, and other counties, where the climate, soil and cool streams of water contribute so generously the materials needed in manufacturing butter, and you will see at a glance that the sweetest grasses, the softest springs, the purest atmosphere, and the utmost pains are indispensable in producing this delicate luxury.

Not long ago, it was my good fortune to meet with a gentleman who was formerly a New York merchant. Having acquired a comfortable independence in the great commercial metropolis, he retired to the old homestead among the hills of Delaware county, intending to devote the remainder of his life to the education of his children and keep aloof from the cares and responsibilities of active business; but his sanguine temperament and his commercial habits and the temptations to trade, led him by degrees into the butter business, and at the time I saw him he was one of the "heaviest" butter buyers on the continent. His teams were constantly on the move at all seasons of the year, and farmers daily flocked to his depot from every point of the compass. His purchases were so enormous and his judgment and taste so accurate, that he controlled the market; indeed his reputation as the prince of butter dealers extends to-day to all the principal cities in this country, and his name on a firkin-lid is as good as the autograph of ASTOR upon a bank note.

Well, this gentleman, whose enterprise is only surpassed by his magnanimity and his modesty, invited the writer to go with him on a visit to some of the famous butter farms within the radius of his ride, [for he inspects personally every dairy and tastes carefully every firkin that he buys.] It was a dreary, rainy afternoon, and the rough roads were almost untravelable, but a smart team and skillful driver hurried us on rapidly over the road that looked like a brown ribbon unwinding from the hills. We passed farm after farm, owned and occupied by Scotchmen and Americans, with here and there a Dutch and Irish settler. I found that my friend gave a cold shoulder to small dairies—that he knew perfectly well the butter character of each farmer. This one was noted for skill and neatness, and always commanded the highest market price; that one was so-so and slovenly, and he gave him a broad margin. Every where he was a welcome guest, and his visit was an epoch in the quiet life of the peaceful and industrious dairymen. Small speculators stood a poor chance on his circuit, because he always paid the best price and his word was a bond.

I noticed that the best butter-makers had from twenty to forty cows, and from one hundred to two hundred acres of land; that the Agricultural publications were patronized by them, and the pages did not long remain uncut and unread, and that the valuable hints derived from such sources were turned to the best account. Various kinds of power were employed in making the butter; here, a sheep or a dog or a pig turned the wheel that stirred up the cream; here, a long wire reached its attenuated arm to the brook which, like a maiden singing at the cottage door, turned the crank while shouting the song of labor.

All butter-makers, and some butter-eaters, know

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that butter exists in the form of minute globules, inclosed in membraneous sacs. Each globule is a ball of butter in a perfect state, sailing in its sac through the milk, or rising to cream to the surface. The process of churning tears open the sacks, and permits the balls to escape and adhere in a mass. In removing these coverings, particular pains should be taken to prevent the grinding, or crushing, or bursting of these globules. Butter is often injured by being worked too much, because the natural butter globes are crushed and mashed by the process. Those who raise a tempest in a churn, in order to make the butter come quickly, will make grease instead of butter—while those who wear off the covering from the butter globes by gentle friction in their native element, without pressing or burling them against hard substances, will find their labors rewarded with butter in a perfect state. I shall not in this paper assume the province of determining how this can be done. It can be done. It should be done. It is done by the best butter-makers. No luxury on our tables is so sensitive as butter. Its color, taste and quality are more or less controlled by the nature of the grasses with which the cows are fed. If the dairy happens to be near the stable, the butter will smell of the stable. If it be stored in the vicinity of unpleasant orders, it catches them. If packed in firkins of soft wood, it absorbs the smell and taste of the wood. The great butter-buyer to whom I have alluded, employs a small army of men in manufacturing butter firkins, and has taken great pains to instruct the butter-makers in all that region of country in the science of making and preserving butter. G. W. Bungay.

WOOL AND WOOL GROWING.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I have been a reader of your paper for several years, and found it very valuable as to the subject of sheep raising and the wool market. Indeed, I was first induced to take it from a selfish motive, as I could not obtain the market price of wool in my New York papers. In looking at the N. Y. *Times* to-day, I can find no wool market. The wool buyers here tell us how low they can buy their wool in Michigan. I have to refer them to the Rural, and say to them that you are posted on the wool market, and they say no more. I am sorry that the Wool Grower has been given up, as it was very useful to those of us that are engaged in sheep raising.

In a late Rural, E. Palmer, writing from Minnesota, asks if it will do to keep sheep on land worth 75 cents per acre. I can answer and say, it will do to keep sheep on land worth $100 per acre better than any other stock or raising grain. In Dutchess county we have but one drawback, not wolves, but dogs ten times more destructive. We can guard against wolves, but not dogs, for they come in open daylight. Now, friend Moore, you can do something for us. With your influence we can get a State tax on dogs. This is the only thing that can save us. I have tried to get a county tax, but all in vain. One Supervisor said to me, "We raise cattle in our town, and it will not be *popular*, for I shall want to be Supervisor again!" But before I left them, I had a majority in favor of the law. When the final vote was taken, however, they came to the conclusion that it would not be popular.

To prove that we can make sheep-growing profitable on land worth $100 per acre, I will give you the secret. [Now you see that we farmers are willing to give twenty years' experience for nothing; not so with the doctors.] I say, then, you must keep the best breed that this country and Europe affords, to make it pay on such land. But your farmers may want to know the price of such sheep. The price will vary from $25 to $500, according to the number and selection. If you want but two to put with your flock, pay not less than $100, and you will find that they will pay fifty per cent. My sheep formerly sheared 2¼ lbs. per head, washed; now they shear 3 lbs., washed. You may want to know the breed that will pay this per cent. Well, you know every man has his hobby as to the kind of sheep he raises, and this may be all right. I confess I have my preference, and that is the French Merino crossed with the Silesian. The first gives size, the other gives fineness. The cross can be seen in this town. Some may call this statement all "book-farming," but I can give the figures and profit.

Rhinebeck, Dutchess Co., N Y A Subscriber.

LONG ISLAND LANDS.—ONCE MORE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—We, the undersigned, residents of and near Thompson and Suffolk Stations, on the line of the Long Island Railroad, and upon the new or wild lands heretofore commonly denominated the "*Plains* or *Barrens* of *Long Island*," have seen an article which appeared in the Rural New-Yorker of the 12th of January last, purporting to have been written from this county, attempting to describe these lands, their cultivation, productions, &c. Said article we deem to be *untrue*, *unfair*, and *unjust*, and calculated to mislead those who might be disposed to come and examine these lands. Its statements as to the culture and crops upon those we have cleared, and upon which we reside, are "wholly false," as we have yet to see the first instance where *intelligent practical* effort has been made in their cultivation that the parties have not been amply *remunerated*. We have many of us succeeded in raising good crops of grain, hay, vegetables, and fruits of all kinds, not excepting *grapes*, (which the writer of the article alluded to says will not grow at all unless protected,) and all without immoderate manuring, although we admit that those of us who have applied manures the most freely have received the largest remuneration, which we believe to be the case in other places. But that these lands require (and will not produce good crops without,) large outlays in manures, is certainly a mistake. We invariably get fair crops of rye or buckwheat as a first crop after clearing, with no manure except the ashes from the roots gathered and burned upon the ground; or an application of shell lime of 25 to 60 bushels to the acre, will bring good crops from the start—after which, with such manuring as all good farmers apply to their lands, there is no difficulty in producing as good crops as in any other part of the country.

And, besides, the writer is greatly mistaken in the cost of clearing these lands. We have some of us cleared lands in other parts of this State, in New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, and other States, and we do not hesitate to say that these lands can be cleared for much less than lands we have worked upon in other localities. We have very few large stumps to remove, (the same having decayed, or been burned in the numerous fires which have swept over all this country,) no stones; and besides, we require no underdraining—quite as important matter—as some of us have found in other places. There are parties here who are willing and have contracted to clear this land for $25 per acre. But most of us believe that, with the proper appliances, it can be done for much less.

The writer admits that "this region has the advantage of a healthy climate, and near proximity to New York, which is easily accessible by the Long Island Railroad"—two very important points, in our judgment. And if (as we claim,) we have, besides, as *good land* as any part of Long Island, the purest and best water, and that when our land is cleared, it is much easier cultivated than in many other parts of the country, we certainly have advantages possessed by few farming districts with which we are acquainted.

Mr. Editor, we are not "*land speculators*," most of us having no land to sell; but we intend purchasing more as soon as our means will admit. Yet we are "*interested parties*," and do feel an *interest* in our neighborhood, and desire to see this wilderness, which has been so long under the ban of an ignorant or foolish prejudice, under cultivation by an intelligent, industrious population, and we believe it will be as remunerative as in any other part of the country.

And now, Mr. Editor, in conclusion, allow us to cordially invite any persons desirous of locating in a perfectly healthy location, where cheap land, with superior facilities for a cheap transportation to the best market in the world, can be had on easy terms, to come and see for themselves.

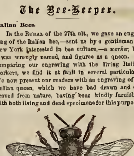
F. M. A. Wicks, P. M. and Co. Treas.,	
Aaron Stone,	Henry Miller,
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E. A. Bunce,	Augustus Stimson,
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Hyman Seater,	Stephen Sharp,
Charles G. Miller,	William Stimson,
William Metcalf.	

Thompson Station, Suffolk Co., L. I., 1861.

The Bee-Keeper.

Italian Bees.

In the Rural of the 27th ult., we gave an engraving of the Italian bee,—sent us by a gentleman of New York interested in bee culture,—a *worker*, but it was wrongly named, and figures as a queen. In comparing our engraving with the living Italian workers, we find it at fault in several particulars. We now present our readers with an engraving of an Italian queen, which we have had drawn and engraved from nature, having been kindly furnished with both living and dead specimens for this purpose.



ITALIAN QUEEN.

Bee-keepers who have examined the matter, are becoming well convinced that the Italian bee is much better adapted to our country than the common black bee, being more hardy and every way more profitable.

The following article is timely, and important to all who design to change their stocks by the introduction of Italian queens:

Italian Queens—How to Introduce into Native Colonies.—As many are designing to procure queens of the Italian race the present season, the following directions, showing the process of safely introducing them into native colonies, will probably be both timely and acceptable.

1st. Remove the queen from the native colony. 2d. Eight days thereafter take out the frames of combs, and remove therefrom every royal cell. 3d. Confine the Italian queen in a "queen cage." 4th. Place the cage with the queen in the top of the hive, parallel with and between two frames of combs covered with bees. 5th. Let the queen thus remain thirty-six hours. 6th. Now open the cage and thus release the queen; she will almost invariably be kindly received by the native bees,—that is, when the foregoing directions are strictly adhered to.

The following are some of the *whys* and *wherefores* of the foregoing: 1st. Either the native or Italian queen can very readily be found in hives provided with Mr. Langstroth's movable-comb frames. 2d. All the royal cells will be sealed, or nearly ready to be sealed, by the eighth day after the removal of the native queen, therefore they can easily be found, and removed or destroyed. 3d. Handle the queen by carefully taking hold of her by the chest or thorax, with the thumb and finger; place her in the cage alone. 4th. The queen, when confined as stated, cannot be stung by the native bees; on the contrary, they will give her all necessary food through the wire screen or gauze. She will thus be attended to for any reasonable length of time. The writer has kept them on hand in this way three or four weeks at a time, but care must be taken in *cool* weather to keep the cage far enough below the tops of the frames, that the bees will not be induced or obliged to abandon it, and consequently the queen, which might result in her being chilled or starved. 5th. She and the colony by this time will become scented alike, also alike acquainted; hence now is the proper time for her release. 6th. It is not necessary to disturb the cage, but simply open it carefully, that the queen may make her exit at pleasure. When convenient, at some future time, the cage, if desired, may be taken out.

There are other modes of safely introducing the Italian queens to native colonies, but the one given is probably the best yet devised for the majority of such apiarians as have had but little or no experience in this matter.

A queen cage is made thus: Take a piece of wire gauze two inches long, 12 meshes to the inch, and form it into a tube, having an aperture of about five-eighths of an inch. It should be about two and a half inches wide. Either edge may be lapped over the other so as to form the size of the aperture given. A piece of wood the same length of the tube, and say five-eighths by three-eighths of an inch in thickness, is used as a foundation on which to fasten the tube. A small tack is then driven into each end of the tube, which firmly secures it to the piece of wood. Corks of proper size may be used for the ends of the tube to confine the queen, one of which should be of suitable size that it may easily be withdrawn when the confined queen is to be released. These queen cages are easily and readily made, and at a small cost, not to exceed three to five cents apiece. They are many times found to be of much service to the bee-keeper, aside from being valuable in introducing queens. There are many ways to construct these queen cages, but the one given will be found to answer every purpose.

Middleport, Niag. Co., N Y M M Baldridge.

Straw Bee-Hives.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Having observed in your paper of February 2d an article upon the subject of the superiority of straw over all other material for the construction of bee-hives, I was induced to visit a gentleman of this town who has recently constructed straw hives upon a novel, and to me an entire new plan. As a patent has been applied for the improvement, it would be ungenerous in me to enter into details as to the plan. Suffice it to say that this new style of hive is mainly made of straw, and eminently combines all the essential qualities for coolness in summer and warmness in winter,—a desideratum sought by every intelligent apiarian. It is capable of free ventilation, and when well put together cannot fail to be durable.

This new style of hive can be made of any size and shape to suit the fancy; even the bars, or the movable comb frames, can be used, if desirable. The straw is so firmly packed and woven together, that it is impenetrable to any but a sharp, flat instrument, and yet is sufficiently porous to prevent the gathering of excessive moisture, or the collection of mold. It can easily be made highly ornamental, without inconvenience.

It has been objected by many, that a straw hive afforded greater security for the propagation of the bee moth. In this hive now under contemplation, if firmly put together, the moth would find no greater, if as great security, as in the plain board hive. There can probably be no hive so constructed as to completely prevent the depredations of moths. But let it be remembered that those pests never make much progress with strong, vigorous swarms, and that only the weakest are objects of attack. Consequently any thing that can be done to strengthen a swarm, goes to prevent the progress of moths, and to promote the multiplying of a colony. [This is true, but we should do nothing to furnish a hiding place for their enemies.—Ed.]

Straw is a ready absorbent of moisture, and an excellent non-conductor of heat; consequently warmth, generated by bees in a hive, will not escape, nor will excessive outside heat of summer penetrate within.

Let it be observed that the greatest losses incident to bee-keepers, arise from combs contracting dampness in winter and freezing, and from these circumstances, becoming moldy and unfit for the hatching and maturing of young brood, which frequently prevents a swarm from sending forth a new colony at all, and in the end, rot and destruction ensue.

Manlius, N Y, May, 1861 J. V. H. C.

Straining Honey.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Can some of your bee-keeping correspondents tell me how to strain honey? I have a little honey every year, much of which I lose by its candying in the comb. As I cannot hit upon the right method of separating it, I will thank any one for a little light upon the subject.—F. A., *New Haven, Conn.*, 1861.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Hay Required to Keep a Horse.

A correspondent of the Wisconsin Farmer, who has given careful attention to the subject, says that five pounds of hay at a feed, or fifteen pounds per day, with twelve quarts of oatmeal, or its equivalent in shorts, will keep a good sized horse in fine condition for all road or farm work, and is amply sufficient. Some will keep on considerably less.

Barley for Pork Making.

At a Farmers' Club in Illinois, reported in the *Farmer's Advocate*, inquiry was made for experience in feeding barley to hogs. One member had fed it, but without comparison with corn, as to value. "It made the best sweet meat, and free from the oiliness so common to corn-fed pork." Another thought barley double the value of corn for fattening purposes. The inquirer said his attention was called to it by the great success of an eastern farmer in fattening pigs on ground barley and milk, getting three hundred pounds dressed weight, at nine months old.

Relieving Choked Cattle.

A Portland correspondent of the *New England Farmer* gives the following easy and simple remedy. If any of our readers have occasion to try it, will they please write us the result:—"The instant a creature becomes choked, no matter what with, the throat becomes dry, and the longer the substance remains, the dryer the throat. The following is a sure remedy. Take some oil, no matter what kind, and hold the creature's head up and turn down about one gill of oil, and then let go of the head, and the creature will heave it out in two seconds? I have tried it for years, and never knew it to fail."

To Keep Butter Sweet.

Dr. Edson Smith contributes to the *American Agriculturist* the following directions for preserving butter in good condition for any length of time. In May or June, when butter is plenty, work it thoroughly two or three times, and add to the last working nearly one grain of saltpeter and a teaspoonful of pulverized loaf sugar to each pound of butter. Pack it tightly in stone jars to within two inches of the top, and fill the remaining space with strong brine. Cover the jars tightly, and bury them in the cellar bottom, where the butter will be kept unhurt for a long time.

The Care of Harness.

We extract the following from the *Working Farmer*:—"Leather is seldom injured by being wet if hung up to dry, instead of being left in a mass on the floor or in a corner, where the drying is so slow as to create mold. For general use, harness should be fairly oiled, and for this purpose either pure neat's foot oil should be used, or the article known by the curriers as "daubing;" and this should be rubbed in while the leather is moist, but not wet. The harness should be wrapped up in a wet cloth one day before the application of "daubing," or neat's foot oil; this should be rubbed on smartly with a brush for a sufficient length of time to insure its entrance into the leather, rather than leave it upon its immediate surface. If the leather be positively dry, this substance cannot enter, and therefore the necessity of its being moist and pliant at the time of application. Varnish should never be applied; it fills the pores and prevents the necessary access of air, causing the leather to become crisp and rigid, and in a short space of time it is rendered tender, causing it to crack, break, etc. Before applying any oily substance to leather, all dirt should be thoroughly removed from its surface, and no other material than lampblack should ever be mixed with oil where it is necessary to blacken the leather. Shoe blacking is sometimes used, and always with injurious effects; it frequently contains sulphuric acid, which, when brought in contact with leather, rapidly destroys it. When the leather is very dry, as with boots and shoes, the injury from this cause is not so great. Vegetable oils should never be applied to harness of any kind, for after a while they harden the leather and destroy its usefulness. Leather curtains should never be varnished, but always kept perfectly pliant by very moderate and frequent application of the oils we have named."

Cob Meal for Cows.

R. F. Bingham, of Ellsworth, Ohio, writes to the *Ohio Farmer* of an experiment made in feeding a meal of corn, oats, and rye, in comparison with corn and cob meal, to dairy cows. He fed of the first, six cents' worth per day to a cow for a week—she gave 138 lbs. of milk, making 6¾ lbs. of butter. He then fed six cents' worth of cob meal per day, for a week—she gave 157¼ lbs. of milk, making 7 lbs. 7 oz. of butter. He then tried the cob meal *scalded*, for a week—the cow gave 156¾ lbs. of milk, yielding 6 lbs. 6 oz. of butter. The weather was very cold; mercury below zero several times during the trial, excepting the last week, when it became more mild and thawed some. Since then, he has tried other kinds of feed, but finds none equal to corn and cob meal for dairy cows.

Coal-Ash Cement.

According to Dr. Julius Lehman, of Saxony, the ash of brown coal mixed with sand and lime forms a composition which is well adapted for the floorings of stables, coach-houses, entrance-halls, and may also be used for the roofs of arched buildings. The mixture is composed of burnt lime and clean sand, two and one-half parts of each by bulk, and eight parts of rather coarsely sifted ash. The lime is to be slaked dry—the sand and ash are mixed together, and water is added, till the whole forms a tolerably stiff paste. It is then laid on (for floors, from five to six inches thick,) and smoothed with the trowel. For roofs, a layer of three inches is sufficient. Floors of stalls and carriage houses, after having dried for two or three days, are improved by a coating of tar, which prevents the absorption of water. Oil paint is an excellent substitute for tar. It adheres equally well, and the floor thus painted can be kept clean by washing with soap and water. Doubtless the ashes of anthracite and bituminous coal will be found to serve these purposes as well as those of the brown coal used in Saxony.

Good Milkers bring the Best Calves.

Dr. Holmes, of the *Maine Farmer*, characterizes the neglect of the milking quality in our improved stock, as "a mistake in breeding," and quotes Prof. Tanner, an English agricultural authority, to sustain his views. The matter is certainly worth careful attention, and we give a portion of the extract below. In one of his numbers, says Dr. Holmes, after inculcating the importance of a good pedigree as being evidence of purity of blood, and the character of the stock becoming by attention to this more confirmed and concentrated, he remarks as follows:

"The cows should be characterized by an aptitude for producing fine calves and bringing them to a full degree of development. They should therefore be good milkers, for the value of the produce will be very much regulated by this character. We shall have occasion to see subsequently that this property is in no degree prejudicial to any other desirable point of character. This tendency to produce milk not only influences the supply of food to the young animal after its birth, when any deficiency may be remedied, but it regulates the growth of the calf before birth, when a substitute cannot be used. Thus many of our best bred Short-horn cows produce calves which are very imperfectly developed and exceedingly weak, so much so that many persons accustomed to inferior stock would consider them scarcely worth rearing. This is mainly referable to the supply of nourishment given to the calf being so small, for the subsequent supply of milk clearly indicates how limited had been the supply given to the fœtus. This neglect of the milking disposition is a great evil at the present day, and our best breeds are suffering, and will continue to suffer from it until more attention is given to this point in the awards at the National Exhibitions. Here it should be made a leading point of merit, and this would stimulate breeders to give more attention to it.

Inquiries and Answers.

Warts on Cows' Teats.—I would like to know of some mode to eradicate these nuisances.—J. A. P., *Cayuga Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

Washing in alum water is strongly recommended. Another remedy is composed of equal parts of neat's foot oil, beef's gall, spirits of turpentine, and old brandy—shake well before using, and apply once each day.

Grubs in Cattle.—Will you, or some of your readers, throw light on the causes, origin and cure of grubs in cattle, and oblige—J. G., *Columbus, N. Y.*, 1861

Towards the latter part of summer, or in early autumn, cattle are much annoyed by the stings of an insect, commonly known as the Gad Fly, which is seeking a place to deposit its eggs. The location generally chosen is on the back of the animal near the spine. This is pierced, the egg laid, and in a short time a little tumor is produced, which is the residence of the larva. In the following June or July, it emerges, soon assumes the chrysalis form, remains there a few weeks, and then comes forth a perfect fly. The modes by which it is destroyed are various—some pour a corrosive liquid into the hole, others probe it with a red-hot needle, others, again, crush or force out the larva by a pressure of the finger and thumb. Either plan is effective.

Cough in Horses.—Will the Rural inform me as to a remedy for a cough in horses? A valuable colt has been much troubled, and I have gone through my lists of curatives without effect.—H. G. K., *Kent Co., Mich.*, 1861

In the treatment of *simple colds*, a few warm mashes, warm clothing, and a *warm stable*, are generally all that is necessary. Sometimes a little relaxing physic may be given to advantage. Dadd recommends four ounces each of slippery elm, Indian turnip, elecampane, skunk cabbage, and caraway seeds—all powdered. Dose, half an ounce twice a day, in gruel. While administering medicine, the horse should be deprived of water, and be made to drink of slippery elm or flaxseed tea. Where the cough has become *chronic*, a blister extending from the root of one ear to that of the other, taking in the whole channel, and reaching six or eight inches down the windpipe, has often been tried with good effect. Feeding has much influence upon a chronic cough. Too much dry feed increases it, and one of the best things that can be used as a portion of the animal's daily fodder are carrots. The authority before quoted says "for an old chronic cough that seems likely to wear the animal out, and also the patience of its owner, depending perhaps on some organic change, or irritable state of the respiratory surfaces, use counter irritation, and give a dose of the following, night and morning: Equal parts of pleurisy root, licorice, lobelia, sulphur, sassafras, and bloodroot—all powdered. Dose, one ounce, night and morning, for the first two days; then omit the morning dose. To be mixed with the food."

Rural Notes and Items.

The Weather has at last moderated, and is becoming *seasonable*. Up to Monday, the 20th, however, "Winter lingered in the lap of Spring," and comparatively little plowing or sowing had been done in Western New York. But, if the present favorable weather continues, much urgent farm work will be performed during this week, though we doubt whether over one fourth of the spring sowing and planting will be completed. There is so much important work to be done in a brief period, that extra efforts and care are necessary. The "home guard" must therefore try to accomplish more, and do it better, than usual, to make amends for the backwardness of the season and lack of those laborers who have left the farm for the "tented field."

The Farmers and the War.—Under this heading, Gov. Brown, of the *New England Farmer*, gives an excellent article, comprising practical suggestions, as well as patriotic sentiments. Much that he says is adapted to other meridians than New England; this for example.—"Our advice is this: Use all the manure you can possibly press into service; prepare it from every source, purchase it, if possible, even at a high rate; use it liberally, especially on the crop; cultivate with care through the season, never allowing a weed to grow among the crops, and the result will be a harvest more valuable in every way than one obtained from a large breadth of land badly managed. On rich river bottoms, or in the West, where fair crops may be obtained without manure, the expanding policy may answer, but it will prove disastrous in New England. All you can produce will certainly be needed, even if the war should be closed in three months. There is no need of alarm on the part of the farmer. No evil becomes so general and destructive as to leave no compensation behind. The withdrawal of 50,000 men from the labor of the field—men who must still be fed—will require more than the ordinary energy of the husbandman to supply their wants—so that now is the time for the farmer to bring into use every economical means, and by the blessing of Heaven upon his labors, secure an abundant harvest, and find an ample profit in disposing of it as it is ready for market."

Dairying on a Small Scale.—The following statement is sent us by Mr. David Bixby, of Fredericktown, Knox Co., Ohio—"From the 1st of December, 1860, to the 1st of May, '61, I have sold 294 lbs. of butter from five common native cows, besides supplying my family (of four grown persons) with butter and cream, which we used plentifully. We also fed two pigs with sour milk, which sold this spring for $10 more than I paid for them in the fall, and two calves that are worth $5 each. The butter and cream used, I estimate equal to three lbs. per week of butter, making 63 lbs. for 21 weeks; total, 357 lbs.; sold at 15 cents, $53 55; pigs and calves, $20—in all, $73.55. Three of my cows were farrow, one of which had given milk a little over a year at the commencement of my account; two had calves last spring, and two in October; one went dry in February, so that I milked but four from that time. They were fed with corn stalks at night and stabled—fed with a patent pail full of slops, made by thickening the slops of the kitchen with wheat bran and corn and oats chopped, and hay in the morning, and run to a stack of straw through the day."

Black Hawk Horses.—In a late number of *Porter's Spirit*, Mr. Jas D. Ladd, of Ohio, (good authority,) gives the following interesting statistics relative to the Black Hawk branch of the Morgan Horse family.—"Black Hawk earned as a foal getter for D. & E. Hill, $60,000, they and others sold out of Addison county alone for a number of years from $20,000 to $30,000 worth of his colts annually. A great many stallions of his get have been sold at from 2 to 6 years old, for from $1,500 to $2,000; some at from $3,000 to $4,000; some at $5,000 to $0,000. The owners of Ethan Allen refused $20,000 for him. Of fast trotters he got Ethan Allen, Lancet, Know Nothing, Black Ralph, Lady Lawrence, Belle of Saratoga, Black Hawk Maid, Ticonderoga, Sherman Black Hawk, Stockbridge Chief, and many more. His stock have taken the first honors at the Vermont and Massachusetts Fairs for years, with scarcely a single exception. At United States Fairs, Ethan Allen has taken a first premium, Ticonderoga one, and Stockbridge Chief two. Ethan Allen has always when shown for them, taken the first at Springfield, Mass.; last fall he took the first at St. Louis, and Stockbridge Chief the first at Nashville. His colts have taken all the first premiums at Ohio State Fairs, with two exceptions, as roadsters, and a great many as horses for general purposes."

The Girls Growing Corn.—"One who Loves her Country" appeals to the young ladies of Maine (through the *Me. Farmer*,) "not to be idle while their fathers, brothers, and lovers, are away fighting for a liberty which all would rather die than lose." She calls upon every young lady in the State to go for the corn pledge—asking those who live in cities to plant and tend not less than *three* hills of corn, and those in the country *twelve* hills—arguing that in this way "want may be kept from our doors, though the 'wrath of war' clouds the land yet many dreary years." This is patriotic advice, and if heeded, will largely increase the aggregate yield of an important staple. Let the young ladies of other States emulate the example—many in the West will do far more. An exchange contains this item from an Illinois girl: "Help is scarce here. Last week F— and I dropped nine acres of corn in a day and a half. It made us some lame, but what of that? I shall do it again when needed." Surely, the "War for the Union" must terminate successfully when the women exhibit such love of country.

German Agricultural Society.—"An important agricultural movement has recently taken place in Germany, in the formation of a National Agricultural Society, after the plan of the Royal Agricultural Society of England. This is a project which has long been in contemplation, enlisting the support of the leading agriculturists of Austria, Bavaria, Hanover, Saxony, Prussia, and of the other German nationalities. Among the means which it proposes to make use of for the attainment of its object—the improvement of German husbandry—are the publication of a journal or periodical; holding successfully in the larger cities of the German Confederation exhibitions, or shows of agricultural stock, produce, and machinery; offering of prizes for scientific, or technical works relating to agriculture, and discussions on special agricultural topics at the extraordinary meetings of the Society. Germany has thus followed the lead of England in this most important matter."

Carcasses of Diseased Animals—*Caution*.—People who have occasion to skin or dissect animals that have died of disease, cannot be too cautious, as deaths frequently occur in consequence of accidental wounds from knives used in the operation. A Salem (O.) paper thus mentions an accident of this nature—"One day last week, while Robert Tolerton was skinning a cow that had died from some disease, he cut his wrist badly, and in so doing he poisoned himself by getting some of the blood of the animal in the cut. Mr Tolerton is in a very critical condition, and but little hope is entertained of his recovery. Persons should be very careful when they are skinning dead animals, that they do not cut themselves with the knife they have been using for that purpose, as it will doubtless result fatally."

Kentucky Ag'l and Mechanical Association.—The annual meeting of this Association was held in Lexington on the 11th inst. After the reports of the retiring officers had been read and approved, the following Board was elected for the ensuing year. *President*—Benj. Grats. *Vice President*—R. A. Alexander. *Secretary and Treasurer*—P. Burgess Hunt. *Directors*—Wm. Warfield, Abraham Vanmeter, James G Kinnaird, Jacob Hughes, James Foley, and Edward Oldham, of Fayette; A. D. Offutt, of Scott, R. S. Taylor, of Clarke; S. P. Kenney, of Jessamine, and A. Buford, of Woodford.

Minor Rural Items.—The Orleans Co. Ag. Society announces that its fourth Annual Exhibition of Horses will be held in Albion, June 14th and 15th.——Hon T. C. Peters, of Darien, has thoroughly tested two of Alden's Horse Hoes, and fully endorses Mr. Todd's commendation, given in our last number.——Mr. H. B. Hart, of Rush, has just shown us two monster eggs, laid by a Poland goose. Each weighs 12 ounces; one of them is full 12 inches in circumference (measured the long way,) and the other only a fraction less.

Horticultural.

WINTER OF 1860-61 ON EVERGREENS

It is fortunate that we have some in this country who are able and willing to bear the expense and labor of testing the new varieties of evergreens, to ascertain their hardiness and adaptation to our climate. The reports of H. W. Sargent, of Wodenethe, Fishkill Landing, N. Y., are exceedingly valuable, and every spring the Horticultural public are placed under increased obligation for his valuable observations. The result of his labor and devotion possess a practical value that we cannot too highly estimate. Last autumn we had the pleasure of spending a few very pleasant hours at the beautiful Wodenethe, on the Hudson, and we advise all our readers passing that way to spend a day at Newburgh and Fishkill.

It will be seen from Mr. Sargent's report, which was written for the *Horticulturist*, that the winter has been quite disastrous both in this country and England, and this is true not only of the new evergreens, but of many things that have before proved entirely hardy.

"Disastrous as our winters usually have been the past few years, yet we are not wholly alone in our misfortunes the past season. In England, on the 24th and 25th of December, the mercury fell in two places — at Chatteris in Cambridgeshire, and at Cheadle in Staffordshire — to fifteen degrees below zero; and even in London, and generally throughout the kingdom, to several degrees below. The result there upon vegetation has been more fatal than at any other period within the present century. The young shoots and spurs on peaches, apricots, nectarines, cherries, and even some pears, are quite destroyed, and even the old wood is injured.

Evergreen Oaks, Hollies, (fifty years old,) Phillyreas, Laurustinus, are killed to the ground. The destruction has been so complete, that in highly ornamental grounds the exhalation from the frozen plants has been positively offensive.

Various ornamental flowering shrubs, usually requiring the protection of a wall, have been unable to withstand the severity of the cold. Most of the Magnolias, even old and well-established plants, have been killed in an eastern exposure, and in a western so much injured as to render their recovery hopeless. The newer conifers, as well as older varieties, have all suffered to a greater or less extent. In fact, our own winter, bad as it has been, has proved the safer of the two, and for a much greater variety of plants. Although with us the mercury has fallen as low as nineteen degrees below zero in this place, and in many parts of the country to twenty-three and even thirty degrees, yet I believe the only effect has been to destroy the fruit buds. I do not observe here, nor have I heard elsewhere, of any loss of young wood.

Could we have escaped the two excessive cold days in January, when the glass ranged from nineteen to twenty-one degrees below in this neighborhood, our winter would have been less destructive than usual; and though the mercury fell four or five degrees lower here than in England, yet the damage there was infinitely greater, adding another proof that the cold is not of so much importance as the condition of the plant at the time. Our wood, from our warm, dry autumns, is always much better ripened than the English, and consequently goes into the winter campaign much better prepared to resist cold.

This was particularly the case the past year, when, from the unprecedented quantity of rain and little sun in England, the summer's growth was very imperfectly ripened, and in the worst possible condition to endure even the ordinary frost. Thus Lilacs and Weigelas, which are always regarded perfectly hardy here, were in England very badly injured. Many plants growing with great vigor have been utterly destroyed, while the same variety of plants, when removed in early autumn, if ever so much exposed, have suffered comparatively little, the supply from the roots having been diminished; the system was relieved of excessive moisture by evaporation, and in consequently a much better state to resist cold.

Among the conifers, varieties which are unquestionably hardy, (never in this place at least having suffered,) have completely perished in England, such as Pinus Benthamiana and Pyrenaica. Even Thuiopsis borealis is badly injured, though with us it stands like our common Arbor Vitæ. Most of the younger Araucarias, Deodars, and even Cedars of Lebanon, are either killed or injured, while specimens of twenty years' growth have comparatively escaped, the wood being better ripened.

In my own neighborhood, as I have before mentioned, the effects of the winter have been much less severe than usual; nearly, in fact, all the evergreens which I have in former years reported as hardy, continue to deserve this reputation. In addition to the previous list, I would add, as perfectly uninjured by nineteen degrees below zero,

Picea amabilis, nobilis, grandis, and Parsonii or Lasiocarpa. In addition to the previously mentioned *Abies*, are Taxifolia, Jezoensis, Whitmaniana, and Pattonii.

Cryptomeria Japonica, both the common variety and Lobbii, seem to have become acclimatized, and are hardly touched.

So, also, *Cunninghamia sinensis*, which is perfectly green, and beginning to grow.

Deodars, on the contrary, appear hopeless, except as bushes.

Cephalotaxus, both male and female, as well as *Thuiopsis borealis* and *Cupressus Lawsoniana* are as hardy as our common Cedars. Cupressus macrocarpa, Govenians, and Knightii are, however, killed to the ground.

The *Golden Yew* seems much hardier than the common English (T. baccata,) though this stands well, and Taxus adpressa, very pretty and distinct, is equally as hardy as either.

Among the *Thuja* (Arbor Vitæ,) Hovey's, (Hovey's,) cristata, (Buist's Seedling,) gigantea, glauca, and Craigeana are perfectly green, and have been so all winter; and even *Podocarpus nubigena* holds it color and health perfectly well.

Wellingtonias are somewhat browned, but wood and buds good.

Among the *Evergreen gains* of the past year, I consider the most important, Cupressus Lawsoniana, Taxus elegantissima, Podocarpus nubigena, Berberis Japonica, Taxus monstrosa, Taxus microphylla, Pinus Jeffreyi, Pinus Beardsleyi, Pinus Sabiniana; and among the named *Rhododendrons* are Azureum, Sir Charles Napier, Bicolor, Grandissimum, Concessum, Vandyke, Barclayanum, Delicatissimum, Cœlestinum, Brayanum, Multimaculatum, Archimedes, Magnificum, Prince Albert, Lord John Russell, all of which are entirely uninjured and well set in flower buds."

DELAWARE GRAPE CUTTINGS.

I notice that the Horticultural editor of the Rural New-Yorker says:—"The Delaware will grow from cuttings, and the reason it has not been so grown is, the wood has been scarce and dear, and an eye would make as good a vine as a cutting with several eyes." He is quite mistaken, if he intends to say that the cuttings will grow in the open ground, like those of other varieties.

Last season I made a faithful trial of attempting to propagate cuttings of the Delaware grape vine, and utterly failed. I covered them two inches deep with rich mold, and never suffered them to get dry. A portion of them sprouted, and showed a leaf or two on each, just above the surface of the ground, but no roots were sent forth below, and they soon died.

These cuttings were merely single eyes, with about one inch of wood on each side. I have propagated other varieties of the grape, by laying single eyes horizontally, without the least difficulty, and with much less care than was bestowed in the above case.

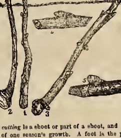
I also find it a much more difficult matter to obtain good rooted vines from Delaware *layers* than from other kinds. The trouble is, the *roots* are not grown with the same facility and abundance that characterizes other varieties.

In receiving a quantity of the Delaware grape vines from a grower of them, about a year ago, he remarked, "I suppose you know that the cuttings will not grow, unless they be placed in a hot bed, or forced in a hot-house."

The above is from the *Country Gentleman*, and by a correspondent, who is at present figuring in most of the Agricultural papers, attempting, we suppose, to enlighten the ignorant, but who himself sadly stands in need of a little knowledge. We repeat, what we before said, that the Delaware will grow from cuttings. This we know, as we had a good many grown in that manner, and out of doors, last spring. We readily admit that the Delaware will not root as freely as the Isabella and many other varieties, but we do say that the short cuttings of the Isabella planted as described above, would fail in nine cases out of ten. Under the most favorable circumstances of soil and climate, a short cutting will root, but then it should never be planted two inches below the soil. The proper cutting for out-doors is a long one, with about four buds, set sloping, with one eye just above the surface. The following is what Mr. Barry says on this subject in his Fruit Book:—"As a general thing, cuttings should be inserted so deep that only two buds will be above the surface of the ground, and in the vine only *one*. If cuttings are long, they need not be set perpendicular, but sloping, so as to be within reach of heat and air. A cutting of a single eye of the vine with a piece of wood attached, must be entirely covered, say half an inch deep. But such cuttings are seldom planted, except in pots, in houses, or in hot-beds."

We have before furnished our readers all needed information on this subject, and in answering inquiries of a few lines we cannot usually give full details. The above, with some inquiries received within a week or two, however, shows there is still a lack of information, and we republish from the Rural of last year.

Since there has been a good deal of excitement on the grape question, and vines of some new varieties have been scarce and dear, our nurserymen have propagated grapes in houses very rapidly. This process we will not at present describe. The soil for all cuttings should be well prepared, mellow, finely pulverized and moderately rich. Propagation by cuttings consists in causing a shoot to grow by detaching it from the parent tree and planting it in the ground, at the proper season and under favorable circumstances for the development of roots. All fruit trees may be grown from cuttings, but only a very few grow with sufficient ease to make it desirable or profitable to propagate them in this way. The gooseberry, currant, vine and quince, of our common fruits, are generally grown in this way.



A *cutting* is a shoot or part of a shoot, and generally of one season's growth. A foot is the proper length for cuttings, for ordinary out-door culture, though under some circumstances a single eye or joint is used. We give an engraving, showing the different forms of cuttings as well as the manner of planting. The wood should be as stout and mature as possible, and should be cut close and smooth to a bud at both ends, as seen in figure 1. Cuttings, taken off closely to the old wood, with the base attached, as in figure 2, are more certain to grow than when cut at any point above, and in the quince an inch or two of the old wood left attached renders success more certain. The philosophy of the matter is that the descending wood-forming sap forces out roots at the lower end of the shoot, and thus the cutting becomes a new plant. The more buds that can be got around the base of a cutting the better, for these buds, as soon as they become active, send down new matter for the formation of roots.

Scarce varieties of grapes are propagated by eyes having about two inches of wood attached, as seen in figure 4, and success is supposed by many to be more certain where the joint is halved before planting, as shown in figure 5. When this mode is adopted, it is usual to plant the eyes about half an inch deep in light soil in a hot bed, or in pots in a propagating house. Figure 5 should not be planted deep as shown in the engraving, being placed there to economise space in our columns.

Cuttings should be inserted so deep that only two buds will be above the surface of the soil, and in the vine only one. Vine cuttings it is well to make long, but they need not be set upright so as to be out of the reach of heat and air, but sloping, as we have endeavored to show in figure 3. They may be set much more sloping than we have been able to exhibit in the engraving, from lack of room.

Cuttings may be made any time during the fall or early winter. It should always be done before the buds begin to swell. A soil for cuttings should be mellow and warm, yet sufficiently compact to retain moisture. Those who try to grow them in a hard, baking, compact soil, or one low and wet, or dry and sandy, will assuredly fail.

Very early in the spring is the best time, all things considered, to plant cuttings. If it is delayed until late, the warm weather starts the leaves before sufficient roots are formed to supply the demand they make for sustenance, and the cutting dries and perishes. Those who grow only a few cuttings could shade them, or spread sawdust about them, to preserve an even temperature.

Cuttings made in the fall may be buried out of doors in a pit where the water will not stand. A mound of earth should be made over the pit to throw off the water. Particular attention should be given to cuttings after planting, to keep the weeds destroyed and the ground in a mellow condition.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS—THE BORER.

By far the most destructive enemy to our orchards is the apple tree borer—for, if left to itself, it destroys every small tree it assails. Its ravages are becoming alarming all over the country. Yet a little knowledge and a little timely industry are sufficient to obviate all these ravages, and save our orchards.

The parent of this enemy is not of itself a borer, but a handsome insect or bug, called *Saperda*, with two wings concealed under scales. It is about three-fourths of an inch long. Its back has a ground-color of yellowish-brown, with two small white streaks running its whole length parallel, except over the shoulder, where they diverge, and then turn again, and continue parallel.

This insect comes out of the body of the apple tree, fifteen inches or so from the ground, about the 15th or 20th of June, leaving a hole the size of a nail gimlet. The insect is easily caught, for it will not fly till dark, when it flies about the orchards with a view of meeting its mate preparatory to propagation. This seems to be the sole design of its insect state.

After sporting a few days, the female begins to deposit her eggs, which she does, not by boring, but by placing them in the little crevices in the cuticle, or outer bark of the tree, near the ground, where she can be screened from sight, by the grass around the collar of the tree.

It appears that all these eggs are deposited between the 20th of June and the 20th of July. By a close and careful observation, I am confirmed in opinion that from the time the egg is deposited till the insect comes out, is about two years and eleven months, which is the length of its larvæ or grub state.

At the end of the first season it does not exceed one-quarter of an inch in length. During this period it only bores through the bark and excavates a cavity beneath it about the size of a three cent bit, in which it designs to winter. Here it curves itself forward and hybernates. During the next season it excavates a space about as large as a dollar, though irregularly shaped, living on the cambium and soft surface of the sap wood. At the end of this season it is about half an inch or so long.

On the second Spring, having acquired strength, it begins to bore inwardly into the heart wood, and throw out its castings, through a hole, to the ground, like sawdust. It is now fully at work, and grows rapidly. It spends the summer in boring in every and all directions till September, when it bores upward and outward till cool weather sets in. It then continues to bore upward and outward till it reaches the outer bark, through which it makes a small hole, so as to peep out and see that all is right, and then turns about, head downward, and plugs up the hole in the bark, pushing its castings up into the upper end of it by its lower extremity, for it has no legs or feet to work with. This it does to keep out the cold. Having made all secure, it turns about, head up again, plugs up below and goes into winter quarters for the last time.

Winter having passed away, the warmth of spring and the first part of June enable it to undergo a metamorphosis, and become an insect. Having its head up, with its strong fore feet it tears out the plugging, pushes away the thin cuticle, and crawls out a full grown insect, called *Saperda civitata*. Having glanced briefly at the history of our enemy, we are prepared to encounter the most destructive foe ever known to apple trees. Now, with this knowledge, the defeat of the borer is very clear. It consists—1st, in its prevention, and 2d, in its destruction when prevention has failed, or has been neglected.

Many plans to prevent the insect from depositing her eggs, have been resorted to with more or less success. The following is the cheapest, the least laborious, and most effectual of any yet offered to the public.

We have only to take a mason's trowel, or some similar instrument, and a bar of hard soap, and we are prepared for the work. With the trowel we clear away the earth from around the body of the tree down to the root, for we take it for granted that no grass is allowed to grow around it. Then with the side or end of the trowel we scrape off the loose bark and dirt as clean as may be, for 12 or 15 inches from the ground. After this preparation, we rub in the soap till all the crevices are filled. Finally, with the flat farmer's hand we rub the whole length so soaped, till it is all smoothly plastered over with a thin pellicle, leaving no place for the Saperda to deposit her eggs. In short, my process to prevent the deposit of the eggs in these crevices for two weeks, is a sure preventive.

Do this in the last week in June, of every year, and all damage by the borer is ended; for no Saperda will deposit her egg, and no rain will wash the soap off till her egg time is out for the season; and beside, the soap and cleaning will materially benefit the tree.

Lastly, in order to destroy the larvæ, we have only to introduce a whalebone probe into its track, and follow it in all directions, till its death is accomplished. JAMES FOUNTAIN, M. D.

Jefferson Valley, May, 1861.

Horticultural Notes.

EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

Several times, within a year or two, we have called the attention of our readers to the cultivation of Everlasting Flowers and the Ornamental Grasses, for winter bouquets. It may be made not only a source of pleasure in the house, but a source of profit to gardeners and florists. This view, which we have urged upon our readers, it will be seen by the following, which we copy from the *London Gardeners' Chronicle*, is being endorsed by its editors:

"It is surprising that, amidst this universal taste for flowers, and the enormous traffic in the artificial, so little attention has been hitherto bestowed upon those flowers commonly known as 'everlasting,' and which are so well adapted for purposes of decoration.

"The general idea seems to be that everlasting flowers are confined to that small yellow variety (*Gnaphalium arenarium*,) known as 'Immortelles,' and occasionally dyed blue and red for the sake of contrast. But the choice of these flowers is confined within no such narrow limits.

"Everlasting flowers are chiefly, if not entirely, produced by plants belonging to the natural order *Asteraceæ*, but, although approximating in form, they vary considerably as to size, and in color there is almost an unlimited choice.

"The property possessed by these flowers of resisting decay may be attributed to the presence of large quantities of silica in the juices of the plants; and this appears the more certain from the fact that at whatever stage of their development the flowers are gathered, they are still 'everlasting,' and resist all change after the little sap that remains in the stem attached is exhausted. Although these plants are many of them natives of warm climates, yet they are easily cultivated in this country, and most of them will thrive in the open air and flower profusely.

"A quiet trade in these imperishable flowers already exists. On the continent, as well as in this country, wreaths are made of the small yellow variety (*Gnaphalium arenarium*,) and are sold in large quantities for adorning the graves and monuments of the departed. The railings which surround the column of Napoleon, in the Place Vendome, at Paris, are literally covered with these wreaths, producing a singular effect. In Germany, baskets and bouquets of everlasting flowers and wreaths are sold in the bazaars for decorative purposes, and within the last few weeks, a quantity of these elegant posies, &c., have been imported in this country, and readily realized from 1s. to 7s. 6d. each, according to size and quality, whilst they certainly surpass, both in form and color, anything ever produced of an artificial kind. Mixed with the everlasting flowers in these German nosegays, appear several of the beautiful grasses recently in high favor with horticulturists, as well as a sprinkling of flowers not naturally everlasting, but which our ingenious friends profess to have preserved by a peculiar process.

"Wreaths of a yellow variety of everlasting flowers, about the size of a farthing, and strung together transversely, are worn by the natives of Sandwich Islands, as a kind of head ornament.

"It only remains for us to suggest the extensive cultivation of all the varieties of everlasting flowers in this country, for the formation of winter decorations, and the artistic grouping of them with grasses, &c., would furnish another branch of employment to our large surplus of female population, who ought to be encouraged and educated in the manufacture of many little elegancies, for which we are now entirely dependent upon the foreigner."

Fruit Trees in Shrubberies.—I should like to see the apple and pear in more general use as ornamental plants, and want to know why they are not more frequently planted in places of moderate, or even limited extent, as suburban and villa residences, by intermixing them with common shrubbery plants. For cottage ornees they are peculiarly adapted, and in the former places might be planted to a considerable extent, and would add greatly to the beauty of residences at this season of the year; and afford in the autumn some compensation, by way of set off, by contributing a supply of fruit in places where there is generally a want of it. The great beauty of the bloom of some varieties of apples and pears would, of themselves, entitle them to a place in our grounds, solely as ornamental plants, and I wish you could persuade nurserymen to make a selection for this purpose, as I imagine many country gentlemen would be induced to purchase them for their parks and homesteads for this property alone, if good-sized plants could be procured; and that proprietors of small places would be glad to introduce them. I say nothing of the Chinese apples and pears, which are just now in bloom, and worthy of all the admiration they call forth, but having noticed for several seasons how really beautiful the bloom is of many varieties of apples, I venture to suggest the matter to your readers. As for the pear, it is, when old, one of the most picturesque trees to be met with, and for parks and home grounds, invaluable as an ornamental tree, when in bloom. I strongly advise planters to try the Beurre Rance pear, and three or four other new varieties; these have fine foliage and flowers, and a strong habit of growth, which, as they grow old, would prove useful ornaments to landscape scenery.—*Florist.*

Tomatoes.—This is one of the most healthful, as well as the most universally liked, of all vegetables, its healthful qualities do not depend on the mode of preparation for the table; it may be eaten thrice a day, cold or hot, cooked or raw, alone, or with salt, or pepper, or vinegar, or all together, to a like advantage, and to the utmost that can be taken with an appetite. Its healthful quality arises from its slight acidity, in this, making it as valuable, perhaps, as berries, cherries, currants, and similar articles; it is also highly nutritious, but its chief virtue consists in its tendency to keep the bowels free, owing to the seeds which it contains, they acting as mechanical irritants to the inner coating of the bowels, causing them to throw out a larger amount of fluid matter than would otherwise have been done, to the effect of keeping the mucous surface lubricated, and securing a greater solubility of the intestinal contents, precisely on the principle that figs and white mustard seeds are so frequently efficient in removing constipation in certain forms of disease. The tomato season ends with the frost. If the vines are pulled up before the frost comes, and hung up in a well ventilated cellar, with the tomatoes hanging to them, the "love apple" will continue ripening until Christmas. The cellar should not be too dry nor too warm. The knowledge of this may be improved to great practical advantage for the benefit of many who are invalids, and who are fond of the tomato.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Benzine for Plants.—The London *Gardeners' Chronicle* gives the following advice respecting the destruction of insects on plants:—"As our houses and gardens are always more or less infested with vermin, it is satisfactory to know that benzine, an article become sufficiently well known as a detergent, is no less efficacious as an agent in insecticide. One or two drops are sufficient to asphyxiate the most redoubtable insect pest, be it beetle, cockchafer, spider, slug, caterpillar, or other creeping thing. Even rats and mice will speedily decamp from any place sprinkled with a few drops of the potent benzine. A singular fact connected with this application of benzine is, that the bodies of insects killed by it become so rigid that their wings, legs, &c., will break rather than bend, if touched. Next day, however, when the benzine has evaporated, suppleness is restored."

Weather.—To-day (May 21) is the first spring-like day we have had for a long time. Everything has been kept back by the cold, and cherries are the only trees in flower. They have suffered severely, and we have reason to expect but a very poor crop. Last year, at the same date, our notes say "Lilacs in full flower—blossoms of fruit trees falling, and the early varieties, such as cherries, setting well, giving promise of great fruitfulness."

Fruits Received.—From D. S. Whitlock, Brighton, N. Y., fine specimens of *Cooper's Market Apple.*

Inquiries and Answers.

To Stop Bleeding in Grape Vines.—How can the bleeding of grape vines be stopped? I mean the bleeding consequent upon late pruning. I have tried about everything I can think of, and without success.—W.

Have any of our readers known of serious injury from bleeding? The best way to stop bleeding that we know of is to put on a coating of gum shellac, dissolved in alcohol. Then place over it a little raw cotton, soaked in the same material. But it is always best to prune early.

Lima Beans.—How can I succeed in growing the delicious Lima bean? My soil is heavy, and not one-half will come up. Those that come up look miserable until the weather gets very warm, when they take a start and grow, but it is so late in the season that few ripen, or even get fit to eat. Then they require such tall poles that they are much exposed to the wind, and often blown down, unless secured with great trouble and care. Now, if you can tell me how to raise this fine bean—how to avoid all these difficulties—you will much oblige me, and I have no doubt hosts of others who "know beans," but don't know enough to raise Limas.—T. H.

The Lima bean likes a warm, sandy soil, and does not do well in cold, stiff ground. We have pursued the following plan for a few years. Open a drill some four inches deep and a foot wide. In this, put about two inches of very sandy loam. Put the beans in this sand with the eye down, making two rows in the drill, the beans in the rows three inches apart, and the rows about eight inches. Cover with two inches of the sand. They will come up well, and if the weather is not too cold, make a rapid growth. Hoe well, and just before they begin to run, stick with brush, like peas, about six feet high. The vines will cling to the brush. As soon as the beans get to the top of the brush, pinch off the ends of the shoots, and do the same with all stray branches. This will cause the vines to grow stocky, and also to set fruit in large clusters from the ground to the tops, which will mature early. Try this plan and report the result.

Domestic Economy.

CAKES AND COOKIES.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Being a reader of your valuable paper, and much interested in some of the nice recipes I find in the "Domestic Department," I send two or three which I know from experience to be good.

Soda Pound Cake.—Four eggs; 1 cup of sugar; 1 cup of butter; 1½ of flour; 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar; ½ of soda, dissolved in 1 tablespoon of warm water.

Corn Starch Cake.—Two cups of corn starch; 6 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separate; 1 cup of butter, beaten to a cream; 2 cups of sugar. Bake in small tins.

Sugar Cookies.—One egg; 1½ cups of powdered sugar; ½ do. of butter; 1 teaspoonful of essence of lemon; flour enough to roll soft. RUTH E. W.

Dansville, N. Y., 1861.

Gold and Silver Cake.—One coffee cup of sugar; 1½ of flour; the whites of 4 eggs; 1 for frosting; ½ teacup of butter; ½ cup of milk; 1 teaspoon cream of tartar; ½ teaspoon of soda. For Gold Cake, use the above recipe, only use yolks.

Sugar Cookies.—One cup of butter; 2 cups of sugar; 3 eggs; 5 cups of flour; 2 tablespoons of sour milk; a small teaspoon of saleratus.

My Cake.—Two eggs; 1 cup of sugar; ½ cup butter; 2 tablespoons of sour milk; ½ teaspoon saleratus.—C. M. H., *Knoxville, N. Y.*, 1861.

Black Cake.—One lb. of flour; ¾ lb. butter; ¾ lb. sugar; 1 pint milk; small teaspoon saleratus; 4 eggs.

Short Cake.—Five pounds flour; ¾ lbs. sugar; ¾ lb. butter; 8 eggs; rose water and nutmeg.

Cymbals.—Two lbs. flour; ½ lb. sugar; ½ lb. butter; 6 eggs.

Jumbles.—Five lbs. of flour; 2 lbs. sugar; 1 lb. butter; 6 eggs. Roll them out in loaf sugar.

Crackers.—Take four ounces of butter; 4 eggs; 1 pint milk; flour as thick as possible.—M., *Glendale, Ohio*, 1861.

Nice Cream Cake.—One cup butter; 1 of cream; 3 of sugar; 4 of flour; 5 eggs; 1 teaspoon soda; glass rose brandy.

White Cake.—Two cups sugar; ½ cup butter; ½ cup sweet milk; 3 cups flour; whites of 8 eggs; 1 teaspoon cream tartar; ½ teaspoon soda.

Jackson Sponge Cake.—One and one-third cups sugar; 1½ cups flour; 4 eggs; 1½ teaspoons cream tartar; ½ teaspoon soda, dissolved in a teaspoon of water.—Ettena, *Peoria, N. Y.*, 1861.

Tomato Catsup.—To a gallon of ripe tomatoes, put four tablespoonfuls of salt, four of ground black pepper, three tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, half a tablespoonful of allspice, half a spoonful of cloves, three red peppers, ground fine; simmer the whole slowly, with a pint of vinegar, three or four hours, then strain through a sieve, bottle and cork tight. The catsup should be made in a tin, or porcelain utensil, and the later in the season it is made, the less liable it will be to spoil.—Irene, *Covert, N. Y.*

Thick Soled Boots vs. Consumption.—The Town Clerk of Newton, Massachusetts, in his report of the vital statistics of that town, says: "The number of deaths by consumption has usually been about one-fourth of the whole; the past year but fourteen; a favorable change in the leading disease of New England. The favorable result of the change from thin to thick soles on the boots and shoes of our females is already visible. Should the recent fashion of thin soles again be attempted, it is hoped the ladies of Newton will stand firm on their thick soles."

Potted Beef.—Put a piece of lean beef and a pig's foot in a pot of hot water, (after scalding the foot,) boil slowly four or five hours, cut the meat from both, return the bones to the pot to boil till the water is well wasted, take out the bones, skim all the fat off and return the meat minced fine; beat all together half an hour and pour into a pan, apply a weight as for head cheese, and you have a nice breakfast dish. If your beef is salt, it must be freshened, or more pigs' feet added.—T. P. F., *Hallowell, Me.*, 1861.

Boiled Indian Pudding.—In reply to Mrs. Kinsman, Medina, N. Y., I send you my ma's recipe for boiled Indian pudding, which I think can not be beat. Two eggs; one quart of sweet milk; ½ of a teaspoonful of saleratus. Stir in Indian meal enough to make a thin batter, put it into a bag made of thick cloth, tie tight, but leave room enough for it to swell. Put into a pot of boiling water, boil constantly six hours. If it should stop boiling, fill up with boiling water.—Dolly G., *Macedon, N. Y.*, 1861.

Frozen Lemonade.—To 1 dozen of lemons take 4 lbs. of loaf sugar and 2 quarts of water, make the lemonade, then freeze just as you would ice cream.

Substitute for Cream in Coffee.—Beat the white of one egg to a froth, add to it a small lump of butter. Turn the coffee into it gradually, so it will not curdle.—A Rural Reader, *Palermo, N. Y.*, 1861.

For Cleaning White Kid Gloves.—I see that "M. J. V." wants a recipe for cleaning gloves. Take white castile or shaving soap, make a stiff lather, draw the glove over the hand, and rub the lather on quickly with a clean white flannel; avoid wetting the kid through, and rub with the flannel until dry.—A. P., *Smithfield, N. Y.*, 1861.

Those Muffins.—Seeing an inquiry from Lizzie, in a late number of the Rural, for muffins, I send you mine, which we think very good. One quart of sweet milk; 3 eggs; 1 tablespoonful of butter; ½ pint of hop yeast; flour to make them thick enough to drop from the spoon.—Rena, *Sherburne, N. Y.*, 1861.

Drying Paint.—Will some of the readers of the Rural please give a recipe through its columns for a quick drying paint for kitchen floors, and oblige many who cannot well vacate their rooms long enough for the common kind used to dry properly.—C. L., *Albion, N. Y.*, 1861.

Removing Rust from Knives.—Will some of the readers of this interesting paper please inform me how to remove spots or rust that have accumulated on knives and forks.—A. C. P., *Danbury, Conn.*, 1861.

Removing Stains from Marble.—Will some writer for the "useful" Rural give its readers a recipe for removing spots and stains from white marble?—Housekeeper.

Ladies' Department.

CASTLES.

BY T. S. ALDRICH

Time, that blunts the edge of things,
Dries our tears and spoils our bliss,
Time has brought such balm to me,
I can bear to speak of this.

She was seven and I was nine—
Pretty people we to plan
Life, and lay it grandly out—
She the woman, I the man!

Sang the river on the shoals,
Sang the robin on the tree;
Earth was newly made for us—
Later Eve and Adam we.

Lightly fell the apple blooms,
Paved the road with red and white;
Sunshine floated through the day,
Silvery storms through the night.

Twenty years have come and gone;
Drop the curtain, change the scene!
Life, when one is nine years old,
Does not say the thing it means.

Other arms have clasped my Eve,
Other lips have called her fair—
Ah! but little wind blows down
Spring-time castles in the air!

From this window I can see
Up the road to Meadow Farm—
That is she upon the porch
With the baby on her arm.

PATRIOTISM OF THE WOMEN.

The patriotism of the North is fully aroused. The storming and taking of Fort Sumter by the rebels united all parties and classes north of Dixie's land, and our entire people are arrayed as one man against those who are striving to dismember the Union and desecrate the Constitution and Laws. While the Men are nobly volunteering their services or liberally contributing their means to prosecute the War for the Union, the Women of the North are exhibiting their patriotism in every suitable manner. Thousands have freely engaged in making clothing for the volunteers, many have offered their services as hospital and army nurses, while others have entered upon the discussion of the great question of the day—using cogent and unanswerable arguments in favor of sustaining the Government and upholding the Flag of the Country at all hazards and against all aggressors. For example: A Virginia vicegerent of the Mount Vernon Association lately sent a circular to her associates in the Free States, inviting a Peace Convention of the Women to settle the National difficulty. To this appeal the Rhode Island vicegerent returned a very sensible reply, demolishing the false assumptions of the Virginia woman, and stating the case thus clearly and patriotically:

"*Dear Madam.* I hasten to reply to the communication which I received from you on Saturday evening, and am glad of the opportunity to correct some misapprehensions into which you have fallen as to the object and meaning of the present great uprising of the North. The question at issue is not that of slavery or no slavery. No one proposes to interfere with slavery in the States; and with regard to the territories, that is a question of physical geography, and already decided by its immutable laws. If there is fear of negro insurrection in any of the States, they have only to remain firm in their allegiance, and the whole power of the government is pledged for their protection. But should they withdraw themselves from under the broad ægis of the constitution, I do not see how it can be possible for the border States to retain their slaves, unless they are more loyal to their masters than those masters to their country.

"The question which moves the heart of the North as the heart of one man, is that of government or no government, freedom or anarchy, loyalty to the flag of our country or rebellion against it. There is no middle course. 'A conditional patriot is an unconditional traitor.' In presence of this great question, all party lines, all social distinctions are here obliterated. The Breckinridge democrat shoulders his musket in the ranks side by side with the Lincoln republican, and their wives and daughters sew together on the same clothing for the soldiers, and offer themselves with equal readiness to serve as nurses in the hospitals; the millionaire and the Irish laborer drill together in the same company with equal enthusiasm and devotion to their common country. There is no bitterness towards the South: no desire to interfere with its rights. It is not a war of passion, but of principle; an unflinching determination to support, not Mr. Lincoln or any other man, but the majesty of law, the authority of government. For this all are ready to shed the last drop of their blood, to spend the last penny of their fortunes. The fixed, resolute determination of the North, to which there is no dissenting voice, is to have a country, a government, at whatever cost it may be purchased. If it can be done only by war, then war it must be, though all men deprecate its coming.

"The time for peace conventions, my dear Miss Johnson, is past. The time for government to use the voice of authority has come. For myself, the first Latin I ever learned in my girlhood was, '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori;*' that is the lesson which I must teach to others now. I have a brother and four nephews serving to-day as volunteers. They go as *patriots*, not as republicans, for but one of the five voted for Mr. Lincoln; but they are ready to give their lives, if need be, to save the most beneficent government which the world has ever seen, from falling before traitor hands.

"I have worked heartily with you, my dear Madam, for the Mt. Vernon cause, and I do not believe that our labor is lost; but I cannot join you in what you now propose, because I know that it would be useless. There is not a man in Rhode Island of any shade of party, of any grade of culture, who would entertain your proposition. We have had one Peace Congress, and where is its President now?

"With the fullest confidence in the power of the government to sustain itself even in this hour of its trial, and with the earnest prayer that every good man and true may rally to its support, I am most sincerely yours, ———."

No man or woman can appropriate beauty without paying for it—in endowments, in fortune, in position, in self-surrender, or other valuable stock; and there are a great many who are too poor, too ordinary, too busy, too proud, to pay any of these prices for it. So the unbeautiful get many more lovers than the beauties; only, as there are more of them, their lovers are spread thinner, and do not make so much show.

In this world, it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MOTHER'S PAPER.

"I have always taken that paper because it was my mother's favorite, and I never see it coming into the house without thinking of her," we heard a man in the prime of life say, the other day. "Father used to instruct us to give her the first reading of her own paper, and although she would not have insisted on it herself, she seemed pleased at such a mark of respect from him. I can remember just how she used to look when, her daily labor done, she sat down to rest and enjoy her paper. I believe it was seeing how much enjoyment she found in such things that first made any thing of a scholar of me, and one of the first self-denials I ever practiced was to not interrupt her with needless questions while she was reading. As she became interested, the weary look she usually wore would leave her face, and as she resumed her work she wore a brighter, younger expression than usual. If she could only have known how much her quiet example would influence us all, how happy she would have been." As he was speaking, his little girl came along and was lifted to his knee, while the little boy, somewhat older, ceased his play to listen. We could not but think what an example of filial affection he was unconsciously giving them. Toiling mothers, take courage; your loving cares, your habits of thought, shall be a tender remembrance to your children while they live."

Geneva, Wis., 1861. B. C. D.

AGRICULTURE AND WOMEN.

An American gentleman who lately visited England, was struck with the interest manifested by ladies, including those of the highest rank, in agriculture. One of these, the Duchess of Portland, exhibited perfect familiarity with the minutest details of farm management and work, showing her American guest over the whole of the Duke's large estate, and explaining to him the various processes and methods of cultivation.

We could wish that our American ladies would adopt one of the few aristocratic tastes and habits which sit gracefully upon republican women, and which would be of equal advantage to the interests of agriculture and to their own delicate physical organizations. A great deal of cant is uttered in these days about the mission of women, but whenever we hear an attenuated, dyspeptic female talking in this wise, we feel sure that the daily handling of a broomstick, in a peaceable manner, or the charge of a kitchen garden, would soon put her upon the track most useful for herself and for society. When Rome was young and virtuous, the kitchen garden was always placed under the care of the mother of the family. In Sparta, the women, fit to be the mothers of heroes, cultivated the soil, while the men were fighting the battles of their country. Indeed, from the earliest period in the annals of our race, woman has aided by her counsels, and sometimes by her labors, in bringing agriculture to a state of perfection. The laws which Osiris gave to Egypt were not as valuable to that country as those precepts in agriculture, those instructions in embankments, irrigations, and drainings, which Isis, his Queen, gave to the Egyptians, and which enabled them to derive so much benefit from the deposit of the Nile. Ceres, deified by the Greeks, made her people acquainted with the use of wheat, and the mode of cultivating it. To the Empress of China we are indebted for the mulberry tree and the rearing of worms.

Women, of late years, has demonstrated her capacity of shining in many spheres once considered the peculiar province of men. Miss Herschel has discovered comets; Mrs. Somerville laid open the mathematical structure of the universe; some have analyzed the chemical relations of nature in the laboratory, and others investigated the laws of social relations. With such a great amount and variety of power, may we not augur the most beneficial results to agriculture, if the women of our country, by their sympathy, encouragement, and co-operation, by their studies and counsels, would prove themselves, as did the women of old, help-meets to him whom God has ordained to cultivate the earth?—*Dolt. American.*

WOMAN'S DRESS.

A healthy dress permits every organ in the body to perform its functions untrammeled. The fashionable style does not allow this free action of the vital parts, and hence the present feeble, crippled condition of the women of America. This evil, together with other physiological errors, is doing much to shorten the lives of our women and compromise the health and life of the whole American race. To avert these sad results, and to improve the health of our women generally, it is proposed that the following style of dress be adopted. This dress has been worn by the writer nearly nine years, and she is happy to say that it has saved her from a consumptive's grave, to which she was slowly but surely tending.

The waist should be several inches longer than the body, a little shorter than the present fashion, and full in front, that the chest may enjoy the freest action. The bands of the skirt should be much larger than the body, buttons to be placed on the band of the inside skirt, just as they are on a gentleman's pants for suspenders, and the same elastic suspenders worn, crossing behind. Make buttonholes in the bands of the other skirts to correspond with the buttons on the inside skirt, and button on; thus one pair of suspenders will carry three or more skirts. This style of dress is attended by no discomfort to the wearer, and allows full action to every organ of the body. At the same it is sufficiently fashionable to escape observation. Of course corsets should never be worn. And with the skirt supported as above described, there is no apology for wearing them.

Whalebones have no business in a woman's dress. They spoil all the beauty of outline which Powers and other great artists have found in the natural woman. They interfere not less with that peculiar undulating action of the chest and abdomen which results from the normal action of the thoracic and abdominal viscera. And if the waist be short and loose, as advised above, there will be no need of whalebones to keep it down. God knew what he was doing when he made the human body, and made it just right in every way; and we cannot alter its shape without destroying its beautiful symmetry, and causing disease and premature death.—*Lewis' New Gymnastics.*

The Evening Clouds we see were made to-day—made of such trifles as the breaths of singing birds and singing flowers; the melted jewelry of the morning dews, the silver night dress of the rivers and the voice of prayer. Yesterday. It is the heaped up utterance of yesterday. Dim, blue and beautiful, it is an enchanted mountain, though men have named it a cloud.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LINES TO "NATE."

BY A. S. BULLOCK.

At every turn, on sea or life,
A "Nate" we surely meet;
With some, distress and woe are rife,
With others bliss complete.

Though rumi-Nate the cud will chew,
His habits are not bad;
Don't drink and brawl, or make ado,
Seems thoughtful, ofttimes sad.

Unfortu-Nate all strive to shun,
But he waylays each path;
Of all the Nates no other one
So many servants hath.

There's stag-Nate, deaf, and dumb, and blind,
More stupid than a toad,
Will paralyze one's limbs and mind
Encountered on the road.

Procrasti-Nate is oft embraced,
Some long retain his hand;
Yet speak of him as one disgraced—
A curse to any land.

There's fulmi-Nate, in frightful tones,
Mankind his voice must hear
From caverns, clouds, and papal thrones—
Rude messenger of fear.

In-Nate and or-Nate tread the stage,
The first with small display,
The last will every eye engage
When seen along the way.

Sir comi-Nate, men greet his face
With most ecstatic joy,
And give his grace unwearied chase,
With ardor of a boy.

Effemi-Nate, in lady's dress,
A nymph to idolize,
In male attire gets no caress,
His weakness we despise.

Old obsti-Nate, a surly dog,
Thinks he is wondrous stout;
When soundly thrashed he'll never jog,
Just folds his arms and pout.

Inordi-Nate no bounds can hold,
Nor his ambition tame;
He most excessive thirsts for gold,
Has longings wild for fame.

There's hiber-Nate, a cosy chap,
With jolly smiling face;
'Twere sweet reposing on his lap—
A snug, delightful place.

Our frames to clothe incar-Nate deigns,
His vesture—flesh and blood—
With man decays, but deathless reigns
With Christ, the Son of God.

Burns, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HARMONY AND PERFECTION OF CHARACTER.

We admire harmony and perfection in nature, or the arts. Though we are not always aware *what* attracts us—what rivets our attention—when viewing the beautiful and the sublime; yet when we examine critically, harmony, or adaptation, is never wanting, and it is necessary to perfection. No landscape or painting is pleasing without the naturalness and simplicity of harmony. It is this adaptation in the natural world that enchants us, and its influence extends over the intellectual and moral well-being of society. We admire no truths, unless there is proportionate weight and a seeming harmony; we love no characters composed of gross mental or moral incongruities.

But, how little we consider the necessity of harmony of character, without which there can never be any perfection. As soon might we expect perfect fruit from unpruned trees or a neglected garden, as from an unharmonized character or uncultivated mental powers. Education has much influence upon our social natures, and prepares us for prominent places and important duties. *None* can value too highly literary advantages, or the untold powers of the intellect. We may be talented, but if there is not the beauty of harmony to blend into a perfect whole our entire powers, we have never attained the greatest good of thorough intellectual discipline. This symmetry must be seen, and must be felt, or our daily experiences in social life will be most mortifying. Where we would find sympathy we are repelled,—where we would do good, there are insurmountable barriers,—where we would look for rich fruits, lie withered hopes. We mourn over our sad failures, but live on in entire ignorance of their cause, and perhaps "die with all our imperfections on our heads."

Again, we are slaves to habits and are bound with the strongest shackles of custom. All have experienced in some degree the evils, the regrets, that follow in the train of long indulged sinful passions and feelings. We try to overcome, to conquer our faults, and for a time are successful; but are overcome by new temptations, lose our self-respect, then sink deeper and deeper into the depths of sin and folly. If a man is ever to be pitied, it is when he is as a helpless child at the caprice of every wind of evil influence, unsustained by firm principles,—without a well disciplined mind. "Unstable as water, he cannot excel," and is ofttimes overcome by the force of his own evil passions. At times he may be quiet, loving, and his mind a "Temple of Intellect," and his noble brow may be decked with wreaths of well earned fame; but there is no harmony of character, consequently no beauty or perfection. Byron was such a character. Much as he has been lauded,—much as he has suffered from his own sad and imperfect representations of feelings,—much as his intellectual greatness has been, and is revered, and sometimes the better feelings of a crushed and debased humanity blazing, bursting, from his bleeding soul, inspiring his poems,—still we look upon him as a moral wreck. There was no harmony of character, and we look in vain for perfection. His domestic turmoils, his warring against the better feelings of his soul, were his ruin. The lives of many men afford similar and striking instances of those who have no harmony or perfection of character. No slavery can be so blighting as that which fetters the soul and dims our moral vision; yet imagination will gild over our most glaring faults. "Fancy paints beautiful pictures," the poetic results of loose and jovial hours of pleasure, and we see "battlements that on their restless fronts bear stars,—illuminations of all good," till we are enchanted, bewildered, *dead.*

Still, humanity has a brighter side, and there are many that look upon life and its duties from a better stand-point, and with a clearer vision. They bear all the burden of the present life cheerfully, pursuing the zigzag pathway of their earthly wanderings with hope, with patience, with resignation. Paul fought the fight of faith, and won the glorious reward of suffering for his Master's sake. John Milton, though poor, though aged, though blind, does not become discouraged while suffering these strangely combined afflictions. He loved to express the consolation that his blindness thrust him more directly on the protection of Providence, and asserts "that he was fond of considering the darkness that veiled his eyes as rather the shadow of the protecting wing of the Almighty, than the loss of sight." Mrs. Hemans rose above all the grievances of social life, and the bitter, withering influences that blighted her home-joys. She found comfort in the good, the beautiful, that was left her still, of life, and waited patiently for enduring pleasures,—for "perfect sympathy." There was a harmony in these characters which must reach a high state of perfection in this life, and a higher one in the certain futurity of the *blessed.* "To bear is to conquer our fate." J.

Eden, Erie Co., N. Y., 1861.

NO RIGHT TO BE UGLY.

Men or women, whatever their physical deformities may be, cannot be utterly ugly, except from moral and intellectual causes, and neither man nor woman has any right to be ugly, and that if either be so, it is his or her fault, misdemeanor, or crime; and that being ugly; they cannot expect the love of their fellow-creatures. No man can love an ugly woman; no woman can love an ugly man; and if fathers and mothers can love an ugly child, it is a very sore struggle, and may be duty after all, and not love.

To have lost one's nose or eye, to squint or to have a hunch-back, are certainly misfortunes, deteriorations of the beauty of the human form and impairments of its high ideal; but if all these calamities were centered in one unhappy person, they would not make him positively ugly, if he were wise, witty, amiable, benevolent, just, and generous, and passed his life in deeds of kindness and charity.

Milton has not endowed his sublime fiend with the horns, dragon's tail, and other vulgar uglinesses of popular superstition. He was too great a poet and philosopher to fall into such an error. The physical beauty of his Satan was originally as great as that of the angels who had not fallen, in all outward attributes; but the hideousness was in the mind, and the mind moulded the body to its own character; and Satan, though he was, as Sydney Smith said, "a fine fellow" in one sense, was terribly ugly in another; sublimely horrible, and infinitely more fearful to think of than the grotesque compound of Satyr and Dragon whom we owe to the exuberant fancy and bad taste of the monks of the middle ages.

A truly ugly person may have had a well developed nose and regular features; he may be six feet high, and shapely as the Apollo Belvidere, but the evil spirit that is in him has set the indescribable but palpable seal of a bad mind upon all his physical lineaments. He bears the brand of criminality upon his forehead as Cain did, and carries a mark of the Divine displeasure stamped upon his face, shaded in his aspect, toned in his voice, telegraphed into his looks and gestures. By these means he is pointed out to his fellow-creatures as one who sinned against the moral government of the universe, so that all who see him may know him, and take warning by his punishment. All that is morally good, is physically beautiful, all that is morally bad, is physically ugly: *ergo*, every man and woman may be beautiful if they like, and no man or woman has a right to be ugly.—*London Review.*

INFLUENCE OF SMILES.

A smile is indeed a thing of beauty. Whether living on the lips of gladsome youth, or flickering on the dying features of worn-out age, it holds its beauty still. Whether making loveliness yet more winsome, or rendering ugliness less repulsive than its wont, a smile yet holds its nature—yet it is beautiful. Magic lurks therein, and sways the human heart as words never can—quickens its quiet pulse, or soothes and calms the hurried throb as they may need. And beneath the encouraging influence of one sweet, upholding smile, the heart itself may change its mood—may yield its mad intent, if not cast out forever its evil promptings and its dark propensities. And so may the smiles of derision madden beyond what the utmost words can do, even as the smile of praise will spur humanity to great and noble deeds beyond the approach of all other promptings. Its silent power sinks in the heart, and heals some new made thrust, as sweetly and gently as falls the mysterious dew from Heaven. And the smile of love! It beams in the mother's eyes as she sees beauty in her infant's face, and a silent laugh of unknown joy from her darling babe. It plays with stronger and more thrilling magic on the maiden's lovely countenance, as her heart's idol meets her far-seeing eye, and draws near to let her look of love lose none of its precious value in needless distance between them. And with deeper, purer joy, it comes to the wife's glad face when her husband's fond gaze tells her how much is gained since he first called her wife. Holy, beautiful indeed, is the smile of fathomless and perfect love. Too seldom, indeed, does it live—too seldom lighten heavy cares and earthly sorrows. Too seldom does it have birth—too often does it soon leave life's pathway, even if fairly born and dearly welcomed there.

CLOSING UP.

The close of the week—how gratefully it comes to toiling and weary millions! Even those who reject religion and its institution, acknowledge the wise, if not divine, ordination of the Sabbath—a day of rest and peace—wise, because it answers one of the greatest human wants, as no other device could. As the shadows of evening fall on Saturday night, the mechanic and artizan will lay down their toil armor, and the finger-worn needle-woman will fold up her work—that brings, alas! too scanty pittance—and homeward from every busy haunt will go the hosts whose hands surround us with the comforts and luxuries of life. And how quiet will become the great city, erst so full of the music of diverse yet mingling labor! The songs of the hammer and trowel cease, and the anthems of wheels die away over the deserted streets, and solitude comes so welcome to every better sense. Repose, so sweet after the week's toil, to be unbroken for a day—repose, which brings reflection and meditation, culturing the mind by a review of the experiences through which it has passed. May they over strengthen us all, to renew the hustle of life with greater earnestness, and with higher aims.

As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character. Indeed, character consists in little acts, and honorably performed; daily life being the quarry from which we build it up, and rough-hewn stones the habits that form it.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GIVE.

Give to him that asketh thee.—Matthew—5: 42.

Give to the needy with free hand,
If God hath blest thy store;
Turn not the suffering child of want
In sternness from thy door.

Give to the spirit, crushed with grief,
Thy sympathizing love,
And let thy words of steadfast trust
To resignation move.

Give to the erring wanderer,
Lost to the maze of sin,
Thy kindly charity, it then
That callous heart would win.

Again to love of virtue's ways,
Again to worthy life,
Would see a spirit pure and calm,
Replace that inward strife.

Give what thou hast, though loving words
Be all thou hast to give;
It is the Savior's great command,
He will thy gift receive.

Geneva, Wis., 1861. B C D.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ANGELS.

We have always loved the angels. In the innocence of childhood we fell asleep, soothed by a mother's sweet assurance that

"Holy angels guard thy bed,"

and as we grew older, we delighted to think that a guardian angel continually watched over us, anxious for our good. Even in riper years we do not discard the pleasant fancy, and when favored with some peculiar tokens of the divine favor, each one has

"Felt that God was smiling on my lot,
And made the airs his angels to convey
To every sense and sensibility,
The message of his favor."

Eagerly you listen, and almost fancy that you hear the rustle of angelic wings, conscious that God has fulfilled his promise and given the angels charge over you.

In the beautiful mythology of the Arabians, it is said that two angels unseen attend each one of us, to mark our good and evil deeds. The one joyfully records every good act, and forthwith transmits the record to heaven. But the other keeps the dreadful day-book open till sunset, and if we repent, the record fades away and leaves a line of white across the page. Despite the source, we admire the idea; for it is no less pleasant to think that our good deeds are irrevocable, than to feel that we may obtain forgiveness for others. But as no angel has power to forgive sin, we must reject the mythology and seek elsewhere to ascertain the real mission of angels. Revelation tells us in language plain, "are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Yes, we may discard fancies, and rely confidently on this blessed assurance. Those glorious beings, fulfilling ever the behests of Diety, are engaged in a constant ministry of love. And for whom? "For them who shall be heirs of salvation." Have you a portion in this great inheritance? Have I? If so, then happy is our lot. However humble our station, we are "the favored ones of earth." No more will we repine at trials or afflictions, but will watch for the coming of the "ministering spirits," and be thankful for the blessings which they bring. Are we heirs? Then our ladder of faith, reaching from earth to heaven, shall be thronged with celestial visitors, Jacob's glorious vision shall be realized in our experience, every mountain-top shall prove a Pisgah, every vale a Bethel. Cato.

Angelica, N. Y., 1861.

BUT ONE WAY.

Nothing is lost. The whole past is engraven on our hearts, as on an imperishable tablet. With the mind beclouded as it is in this world, we may be able only to descry the great events; but if not in this world, then in another the mist will be scattered, and we shall be able to read our lives over again, just as they have been spent. There is but one method by which the painful memories of the past may be removed. The heart that is washed in the atoning blood of Christ has in His grace an antidote both for sin and sorrow. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." His love sanctifies sorrow, and makes it and the memory of it a real blessing. The one who has made the Savior his trust, and who is seeking to live as He lived, has nothing to fear in the utmost activity of memory. But he who has the guilt of his sins resting on his own soul, has reason to tremble. In some dark lone of life, in some hour of gloom, or in the last dread conflict, his sins may meet him again, and overwhelm him with the recollection. Or, if he escape in life, memory, which has recorded all, will be faithful to her trust, and woe be to the soul that has to answer for itself in another world.—*Observer.*

THE TWO ARCHITECTS.

"The high-priest rose up, with his brethren the priests, and they builded."—Neh 3: 1

Two architects were once candidates for the building of a certain temple at Athens. The first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built. The other, who got up after him, only observed that what his brother had spoken he could do; and thus he at once gained the cause. Such is the difference between the speculative and the practical Christian.

Prayer.—It is not the place of prayer that God examines; nor is it the words that God primarily regards; it is not the form in any sense that avails; it is the intense and ardent desire breathed from the depths of the heart into the ear of God which God answers exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think.

Every sinful outward word and deed, and every secret thought and purpose of the mind, re-acts upon the mind itself and leaves its own impression there as upon an ineffaceable tablet. Aside from all the influence our sin may exert upon others, it puts imperishable impressions upon our own minds.

A Religion that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him; that which does not sufficiently distinguish one from a wicked world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world.—*Howe.*

The Educator.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

STUDYING AT HOME.

Your correspondent "W." says truly that "great improvements are needed among our rural population in the education of our children." Indeed, the American nation would be a more "healthy, wealthy, and wise" people, if all of its members were better trained and educated. On the other hand, farmers cannot, generally, send their boys to school during haying and hoeing.

Now, in this state of things, why cannot we educate our boys at home? Let us all set aside, daily, one hour and a half in which our boys may study. As the mind is fresher in the morning than in the afternoon, the time should be taken from the forepart of the day. A room should be set apart for the boys and girls. The students should not be interrupted during the period just named. The first half hour might be spent in doing sums,—in acquiring easiness and rapidity in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. It should not be spent in repeatedly going over portions of the arithmetic of no practical use to any one. The next half hour should be occupied in copying such books as Mansfield's "Political Manual," or Wells's "Familiar Science," or Quackenbos' "Natural Philosophy," or Ware and Smellie's "Philosophy of Natural History," or an English Grammar, or a Political or Physical Geography. By this means the students will be taught spelling and punctuation, and will acquire much exact information. The work to be copied might be chosen by the copyer, under the supervision of his or her parent. The last half hour should be spent in reading some interesting volume of travels, biography, or history. The book, whatever it is, should be read aloud by the different students successively—one commencing where another leaves off.

The advantages of this plan are that it allows the mental training to proceed without stopping bodily exertion. My father once told me that he lost his health by suddenly changing his manner of life when he entered college. This plan would keep brothers and sisters at home without separating them. The students, too, would see that the pen and the plow are not enemies,—that intelligence and knowledge are not opposed to farming.

Most parents might gain some hints from Herbert Spencer's "Education," published by D. Appleton & Co.

The above plan can be adopted only by those parents who exact a ready and willing obedience from their children. It is not suited to very young children. Nothing would discourage the students more than interruption. O.

Philadelphia, Pa., 1861.

WOMAN'S EDUCATIONAL EMPIRE.

Woman educates the heart; man educates the intellect; and in this fact consists the chief element of her superiority as an educator. The education of the intellect without that of the heart, may make demons; for the understanding, when divorced from the affections, is fit only to produce such monsters. But woman, when properly qualified for her mission in the world, happily combines the heart and intellect, so that neither is trained at the expense of the other, but both are educated in the most perfect union. Man *may* educate the heart, but this is not ordinarily his part as an educator. The heart is more especially at woman's disposal. And no one is so eminently endowed by nature with all the important qualifications for the *entire* work of education, as woman. She teaches us to *love* what man teaches us to *believe*. She ingrafts upon our affections what man implants in our memories. She leads us to honor and virtue, by inspiring in us an admiration of all that is good and true; he inculcates the theoretic principles of an honorable and virtuous life as the subjects of intellectual apprehension. She is the sunshine of the soul, comprehending both light and heat, to illuminate and vivify all the soul's activities; he is the sunshine of the intellect, radiating splendors upon its researches after truth, but splendors which are, too often, cold and chilling as the sunshine of bleak and icy winter.

Aime-Martin, a French author, says that "out of sixty-nine monarchs who have worn the crown of France, only three have loved the people; and, remarkable circumstance, all three were brought up by their mothers." The same remark would be substantially true, no doubt, of the potentates of all orders; they love in proportion as they have been *educated to love*, and it is the province of a mother's influence and training, especially, to develop this attribute of human nature.

"Give us mothers who know how to educate their children;" this, under the blessings of God, would, ere long, result in the ushering in of a universal empire of intelligence, and law and righteousness, and peace and joy. Will it not, therefore, be our special care, looking forward to the world's progress and the future elevation of the whole race of mankind, not only to educate carefully and thoroughly our sons for the sphere of life in which they may be called to move and act, but also our daughters, whose sphere of duty and influence is even more grand and glorious, and involves more terrible responsibilities than that which Providence assigns to our sons. Woman's empire is the empire which is to bless or curse mankind in future as in past; but if she is properly educated to her sovereign mission, her empire will only be a blessing, not a curse.

HOW TO ACQUIRE KNOWLEDGE.

Education is an art or science which, despite the great improvements that have been made in it in modern times, is yet but in its infancy. The experience of almost every day teaches us how much the success of any one system of education depends upon the character and resolution of the instructor. A Dr. Arnold can work wonders with means that prove utterly inadequate with weaker spirits. We agree with Prof. Pillans, that in almost every case "where young people are taught as they ought to be, they are quite as happy in school as at play; seldom less delighted, nay, often more, with the well directed exercises of their mental energies, than with that of their muscular powers." It is, however, so very seldom that young people are as happy in school as at play, that we are forced to believe that they are equally seldom taught as they ought to be. We hail, however, as a change not less admirable than noticeable, the desire, which is now so general among teachers, to make the acquirement of knowledge itself an object of pleasure, and to conform their plans and modes of teaching to juvenile opinion, when reasonable.—*London Critic.*

The Young Ruralist.

OUTSIDE DECORATIONS.

Nothing adds more to the good appearance of a farm than a little decoration in the garden and around the house, while all know that however good the house may be, or well-tilled the farm, an untidy garden and a few old tumble-down sheds in the yard, give to the whole place an untidy, slovenly aspect, that is exceedingly annoying to every person of good taste.

It is very fortunate that these decorations that add so much of beauty to even a humble place are not costly, but at the expense of a little time and ingenuity can be had by all. If boards cannot be obtained, a few sticks from the woods will answer even



a better purpose. In previous numbers of the Rural we have given simple designs for Seats, Summer Houses, &c., and now we present our young friends with one for a Pump House. We hope not a few will employ their leisure hours the present summer in making such ornamental buildings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MUSIC.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I have long thought that I would like to contribute my mite to our loved Rural, but feared my inability to write anything acceptable. Seeing the names of many of my young friends in its columns, I have decided to send you a few lines.

In a late number I noticed a piece entitled "*Thoughts on Music*," which I thought very good,—likewise a piece of music by W. D. Bradbury, which I have learned to sing and play; for I am fond of music,—yes, 'tis my great delight. *Good* music seems to carry my thoughts away,—and indeed I might say *myself too*,—far from the stern realities of life, and I seem to forget, for a time, that I am mortal, subject to all the ills that flesh is heir to. In my humble opinion, there is a peculiar style of music adapted to every frame of mind. When in health and happiness, how the eye will brighten, and the pulse quicken, at the sound of lively, sweet-sounding music, accompanied by the human voice, or the soul-stirring strains of some splendid *march*, accompanied by the patriotic sound of many drums. And, when a shadow of sadness, caused by my own or other's sorrows, obscures the bright star of hope for a time, 'tis then that I love to listen to *soft, mournful* music, that seems to express my very thoughts and feelings. May it be mine to be cheered by such music in my last hours, when I shall leave this world forever.

One of our illustrious forefathers said, "Give me *liberty* or give me death." I love *liberty* as well as any one, but next to liberty give me *music*, for I cannot be happy without it. I remember the advice of an aged lady to me when I was about twelve years of age. Thanks to kind Providence, she was not my *mother*. I was practicing in music all the spare hours that I had out of school aside from doing the few chores that my mother required of me about the house. One day this lady called while I was engaged in the pleasant occupation of learning a new serenade. "Now my little girl," said she, "let me give you some good advice. Don't be so foolish as to waste so much time to learn to sing and read those notes. What *good* will it ever do you? There will be no end on't, and it will cost all your spare shillings and dollars, that you will need more for something else, for it is costing you something now for note books, and other music; besides, it will not be long before you will want an instrument of some kind; then, of course, you must have a teacher." I told her that I thought I could learn to play with the aid of an instruction book, without a teacher. "Well, suppose you can, you will have to practice a great while before you can play well, and after all, what will it amount to? By-and-by you will get married, and you will find to your sorrow that although young men like to hear girls sing and play, when they become *husbands* they had rather have a wife who knows how to keep house," (just as if girls could not learn music and housekeeping too.) "I shall not allow my girls to waste their time in such nonsense, but I'll make good housekeepers of them, which *I* think will be more benefit to them. Your mother can do as she likes about your education, but *I* think music, and many other studies that are becoming popular in common schools, are of no use to a *girl*, unless she intends to teach, or live in a village." Well, said I, if the gentlemen think less of me because I like music, they may marry those who will be better housekeepers, and I will be content, and have *music, liberty*, and *happiness*. A few years have passed away, and with them the good old lady, whom I really loved, although I could not indorse all her sentiments. Her daughters, who are a few years my seniors, are tolerable housekeepers to be sure, but no happier than I, and I have heard them say repeatedly that they wished they understood music. Therefore, I say, girls and boys, one and all, let us improve this greatest of God's gifts, and learn all we can of music. Unlike our friend Plowhandle, I have no desire to see my name in print, and will merely say that I am

A Girl who loves Music and the Rural.

Union, Mon. Co., N. Y., 1861.

BEGIN TO SAVE.

Nothing is more certain than that when a man begins to lay by money, the desire to accumulate grows with the growth of his savings. The "nest egg" is the chief difficulty. A deposit once made, the self-denial necessary to enable the depositor to add to the initial sum becomes less irksome every day, until at length the thrifty individual derives a greater pleasure from the contemplation of his increasing store, than ever he experienced from the outlay of money to gratify his tastes or pamper his appetites. He feels proud, too, of his own power of self-restraint, and is dignified in his own eyes by his prudential self-sacrifices. According to the testimony of managers of saving banks, a large proportion of those who open accounts with these excellent institutions, are willing to endure severe hardships and privations rather than withdraw their deposits.

Let it be understood, then, that any young man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow—ay, or by the sweat of brain, and has sufficient determination so to limit his wants as to save a few dollars for a beginning, is almost sure, by that very act, to lay the foundation of future comfort and competence. The first earnest effort to provide for a rainy day will naturally lead to a second, and the sequence will go on until the great temporal end of life, a sufficient provision against the exigencies of misfortune or the wants of age, shall have been made.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 25, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Extracts from the Southern Press.

As exhibiting the tone of the press throughout the South, we give extracts from the various papers which reach our *sanctum*, as follows:

An Interview with Gen. Scott.—The Charleston Courier publishes a letter from a correspondent who was in Washington on the 1st inst., in which the writer thus describes an interview with Gen. Scott:—"I found him in his office in the War Department. He sat bolt upright, behind a table, where he had been writing, and apparently his mind is as clear and strong as ever. He complained of swollen feet, and said he could not walk far. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had but a little while to live, and when he died it should be beneath the Stars and Stripes. He said the war should be prosecuted vigorously. The administration would not invade the South with the object of capturing Richmond, or Charleston, or New Orleans, but for the purpose of retaking the forts and public property. He mentioned several points that he had determined to capture, naming first, Fort Moultrie, then Fort Sumter, Harper's Ferry, &c. The last named place he should retake, no matter what might be the cost of life or treasure."

Have we a Union?—The Baltimore Patriot answers this question in the most emphatic manner. After alluding to its efforts to avert this fratricidal conflict, it expresses confidence that the Union will be rendered firmer and stronger by this effort to destroy it, and adds:—"Let it not, then, be said that we have no Union. We have a Union, and it is folly to say we will not and cannot preserve it. It is a Union still, though threatened with dissolution, and it is a poor thing, indeed, and unworthy of our Washington, if it cannot be borne in triumph thro' the storm that now surrounds it. It may be hurt. It may be temporarily interrupted. It may be enveloped in clouds, and the tempest may play around it. The lightnings may play upon it, and send their thunders over its territory, but it is a Union still, and will continue such for ages yet to come."

Virginia's Resources.—When we read the following confession of the Richmond Examiner, a rabid secession sheet, we are only the more amazed at the madness which is hurrying on Virginia to ruin. The Examiner says:—"We believe that we inform the public with considerable accuracy on this point, when we declare that the State's public means of defense are simply *nil*. Virginia has few serviceable arms, and scarcely any powder. The whole sum on hand is two hundred kegs, and two hundred and forty more ordered—in all four hundred and forty kegs."

A Change of Tune.—When the report reached the extreme South that Gen. Scott had resigned, and was going to head the traitors, the people fired guns, rang bells, shed tears of joy, embraced each other in the streets, lanes and alleys, &c. They have just discovered that they were sold, and the Mobile Advertiser thus makes a most admirable right-about-face movement:—"The telegraph contradicts its own report that Gen. Scott had resigned. One Jeff. Davis will be *glad* to hear that, as it is said one of his darling objects is to prove on the field what he has long believed, that *'Old Fuss and Feathers' is the greatest humbug of the age.*"

Sold and Paid For.—Vicksburg (Miss.) was probably the worst "sold" town in the South, on the rumored resignation of Gen. Scott. The Whig of that place thus announced the joyful tidings:—"Our town is again in a furious state of excitement at the news of General Scott's resignation. Cannon are pouring forth their thunders, bells are ringing, people are hugging each other on the streets, and the joy and gratulation are unbounded. As we go to press the jubilee continues, and we don't know how late it may be kept up."

The Uprising at the North.—The Southern papers are consoling themselves with all sorts of odd conceptions about the spontaneous burst of loyal sentiment in the North. The Richmond Enquirer consoles itself with the reflection that it is but one of those temporary excitements which occur among the people of the free States. Hear what it says:

"Just as they ran mad after Jenny Lind, the Japanese Tommy, Kossuth, Morus Multicaulis, Spirit Rappings, and every other new bubble, so they now quite in the great delirium of a civil war, and intoxicate their brains with thoughts of blood and plunder. When all the individuals of a nation have been occupied from their birth with ledgers and cash books, dollars and cents, the humdrum existence of trade or traffic, a sensation becomes a necessity to their mental constitution. No people on earth need temporary excitement like the Yankees, are more eager to get it, or will pay more for it. Their newspapers, their books, their theatres, their pulpits, furnish daily illustrations of their thirst after excitement. But it never lasts long. The taste is gratified, the want supplied, and Yankees become Yankees again until the next season. The tremendous outburst of ferocity that we witness in the Northern States, is the repetition of one of the most common traits in their national character. It is the fashion of the day, the humbug of the hour, and it will cease as suddenly as it has commenced. Like straw on fire, the periodical sensations of the North make a great flame, but sink to the ashes and dust of indifference as swiftly as they sprang. It is easy, and to them amusing, to indulge their tastes of this sort, in bloody talk about invading the South, in mobbing the few among them hitherto suspected of sympathy with us, in joining volunteer companies, running off to cities like Washington, by way of Annapolis, where no brickbats are on the road; but in three or four weeks the superfluous gas will be gone, and Yankees will be Yankees again."

Don't Like the Blockade.—We have already announced the blockade of Norfolk, Va., by the naval forces of the Government. The following paragraph is from the Norfolk Herald of May 3d:—"The blockade of our harbor includes every conceivable avenue of approach to it—from the broad bosomed Chesapeake and its noble rivers to the creeks and coves which form their tributaries. The Baltimore and James River boats have been stopped, and no steamer is permitted to run between Norfolk and Hampton. As this small potato blockade will have to be maintained chiefly by means of small boats, some plan might be devised, we think, to waylay and sink them. Such a desperate species of warfare is truly worthy of the great mind which now rules the destinies and degrades the historic fame of what were once the United States."

The Herald meets the matter with indifference, but the Richmond Whig "takes on dreadfully." Hear it:—"The base wretches at Washington have dared to interrupt and destroy the commerce of this Commonwealth. Vessels which the money of our people built—the fort, which Virginia entrusted to the common agent for her defence—are employed for the enforcement of this infamous tyranny. It is useless to investigate the legality or constitutionality of such a proceeding. The law and the Constitution are wholly disregarded by the vulgar ruffians at Washington. It is enough that we see in it the fiendish spirit which is to animate this atrocious war. It is enough to impel every Virginian to take the Hannibalian oath of eternal and invincible hate to the whole Yankee race."

Strength and Importance of Fortress Monroe.—The New Orleans Crescent admits and grieves that Fortress Monroe is the key to Virginia, and that it cannot be taken by the rebels. It says:—"If we only had possession of Fortress Monroe and the Rip Raps, our way would be clear. But the former is one of the strongest fortifications in the country. Its garrison is two thousand four hundred and fifty men, and it mounts three hundred and seventy-one guns. The Rip Raps, or Fort Calhoun, built out in the middle of Hampton Roads, directly opposite Fort Monroe, mounts over two hundred guns. These two fortifications command Hampton Roads, and James and Elizabeth rivers; and Richmond, Norfolk and Petersburg are thus locked up. They can have no access to the sea except between these two strong forts. Four or five hundred guns are frowning upon the passage, able to sink a fleet of vessels, and both forts are said to be over-garrisoned. Fort Monroe is protected by a moat, and is situated on a spit of sandbar at a point where Hampton Roads debouches into the Chesapeake Bay. It is the hardest fort on the Continent to take, and we doubt if it could be taken at all. We shall have to drive Old Abe and his dirty crew from Washington, and break up his Government, and thus compel him to yield up this fortification and everything else within the limits of the Southern States."

The Secession Spirit in Tennessee.—The Louisville Journal says:—As illustrative of the character of the tyranny established over souls in Tennessee, we may mention one circumstance out of the thousands which the Tennessee papers would not dare to mention. One of the first gentlemen of our city, a substantial man, whose word none would question, was recently in that State on business. He repeated to us yesterday a conversation that he held with a native Tennessean, a Union man, who deprecated secession as a deplorable blunder and a terrible crime. The two gentlemen were alone in a large room, no other person being probably within half a mile of them, yet the Tennessean lowered his voice almost to a whisper, as if he fancied that the very walls had ears to hear and tongue to repeat. "Lately," said he, "I thought I was worth eight or ten thousand dollars; now I am worth nothing. I owe a sum of money, and I carefully laid by every dollar in my power for the purpose of meeting my obligations and saving my property; but all that I laid by has been taken from me. They have raised military companies in my neighborhood, and, although my opinions were known, they levied upon me, as they did upon others, whatever they pleased, and I had to furnish the required amount or be spotted and persecuted,—probably driven out of the State as an abolitionist." Any dozen or even half dozen secessionists in any part of Tennessee, can band themselves together at pleasure, as thousands of dozens and half dozens are doing, and levy the most oppressive and enormous black mail for secession purposes upon secessionists and Union men alike, marking each man's tax opposite his name upon a piece of paper, and then presenting the paper with the footpad command of stand and deliver. And from the authority of the relentless and remorseless robbery there is no appeal; no power exists to which the sufferers can successfully turn for protection and redress. A giant despotism, subdivided into countless petty despotisms, covers the land with a shadow deadlier to life than the shadow of Java's poison tree.

Points of Interest.

The places noted below are points of special interest just at the present time, and as each is frequently mentioned in the journals of the day, a brief description may prove of value:

Perryville is a pretty village of some six or eight houses and two hotels,—one of the latter kept by a Pennsylvanian,—that derives its only importance from being a station upon the Susquehanna river. Here, for many years, passengers over the Baltimore Railroad, going South, have taken a ferry boat for Havre de Grace, and resumed the railroad at the latter place. It was noted, during an unusually cold winter, as the eastern termini of a bridge of solid ice, over which the cars ran upon a temporary track. The river at this place is three-quarters of a mile wide; and at the distance of a mile below, the open bay commences. The railroad ferry house (now the principal barracks for the volunteers) is erected upon a strip or tongue of high-land that protrudes into the river, with shallow covers upon either side.

Turkey Point, which has recently been occupied by a detachment of United States troops, can be distinctly seen from Perryville. It is a sharp projection on the bay, about eight miles from the former place. This important position is memorable as the site of the landing of the British troops under Lord Howe, in their march to Chadd's Ford and Philadelphia. It is of the highest importance in the present crisis, inasmuch as it will guard the exit and entrance of the Chesapeake to the Delaware canal. Back river, the stream leading to the canal, is about eight miles up the Elk; barges or steamers sail up the Back river five miles, to Chesapeake city, where they enter the locks and pass through the canal proper, to Delaware city, sixteen miles further. The distance, therefore, from Turkey Point to the Delaware river is not less than thirty miles. If Turkey Point, or Worth's Point, opposite, be guarded by a small battery, (the mouth of the Elk is less than three miles wide, and the channel within one mile of shore,) any attempt that might be made by secessionists from Baltimore to pass up the Elk and drain the canal would be effectually prevented.

Port Deposit, Md., is situated four miles from Perryville, on the same side of the river, in Cecil county. There is a volunteer company in the town, pledged, it is said, to the Union, and ready to respond to Gov. Hicks' requisition, whenever it is made. Some of the United States soldiers from Camp Susquehanna strolled beyond camp limits a few days since, and entering a tavern at Port Deposit, caused great terror among some reputed secessionists collected there. The United States flag has been nailed to a pole by some ardent individuals in Port Deposit, and before the troops were quartered at Perryville, they were accustomed to mount guard around it every night. Ferry boats that likewise act as tow boats, are constantly running up and down the Susquehanna, between Port Deposit and Havre de Grace.

Havre de Grace has a population of four or five thousand. The Chesapeake, below Havre de Grace, is now dotted in every direction with Government transports, consisting of craft of every description,—tugs, sloops, Ericsson steamers, brigs, &c. Small boats are hugging the shores, on the look-out for treason traps, and scouting parties are continually landing at points along the bay to discover the feelings and intentions of the people. The lines of the camp at Perryville extend to the outskirts of the village, and to pass any sentry after dark is impossible. No man can get into camp by night from any quarter. The lanes, the fields, the dwellings, the bridges, are hemmed in by guards, who form continuous lines within each other, so that any sentry can summon the whole guard if necessary. Sentinels also pace the banks of the river, and two howitzers are mounted at the ferry boats, to sink any adventurous rebels, or when requisite, lay under contribution the villages over the way.

The Volunteer Army.

The following list comprises the regiments which have passed through New York city on their to Washington and vicinity:

Reg.	Where from.	No.
5th	Rhode Island	280
7th	New York	991
8th	Massachusetts	1,000
71st	New York	1,210
12th	New York	1,000
6th	New York	1,000
6th	Rhode Island	782
6th	Massachusetts	365
69th	New York	1,100
8th	New York	1,000
13th	Brooklyn	736
25th	Albany	700
7th	N. Y. (recruits)	130
1st	Rhode Island	540
5th	New York	800
Ellsworth's	New York	1,100
28th	Brooklyn	[illegible]
18th	Brooklyn	900
Zouaves	Salem, Mass.	200
Burgesses Corps	Albany	110
20th	Ulster Co.	800
3d	U. S.	417
6th	Brooklyn	425
7th	New York	60
15th	New York	780
2d	Maine	800
1st	Vermont	1,050
Total		18,226

There are now in New York the following, which have been mustered into service and are ready to march:

Reg.	Colonel.	Men.
1st	W. H. Allen	800
2d	Tompkins	900
4th	J. H. H. Ward	800
5th	Abm. Duryea	1,200
6th	Wm. Wilson	700
7th	John E. Bendix	800
9th	Walter McChesney	800
14th	A. M. Wood	900
Total		6,900

The following are nearly ready, and will be mustered into service in a few days:

Anderson Zouaves	600
Sheehan's Volunteers	1,356
Constitution Guard	900
Ninth Regiment	800
California Regiment	750
Steuben Regiment	760
Excelsior Brigade	1,800
Fifty fifth Regiment	800
First Regiment, German Rifles	780
Eleventh Regiment	600
Second Regiment, Fire Zouaves	1,000
Astor Regiment	700
Ramsey's Volunteers	800
Second Regiment, S. L. G.	800
Union Rangers	800
Bannockburn Battalion	900
Elite Corps (light infantry)	800
First Regiment, Union Volunteers	350
Naval Brigade	1,000
Seventy fifth Regiment	600
Montezuma Regiment	400
United Turner, Rifles	780
Union Volunteer Rifles	304
Westchester Chasseurs	539
Excelsior Regiment	750
British Volunteers	608
Garibaldi Guard	780
Total	18,071

Law of Treason.—Trading with an Enemy.

The legal rights of citizens, in time of war, to trade with an enemy, are not very well understood in this country. The following extract from Kent's Commentaries on the Law of Nations, will place the subject in a clear light before our readers:

One of the immediate and important consequences of the declaration of war, *is the absolute interruption and interdiction of all commercial correspondence, intercourse, and dealing between the subjects of the two countries.* * * * The interdiction flows necessarily from the principle already stated, that a state of war puts all the members of the two nations respectively in hostility to each other; and to suffer individuals to carry on a friendly or commercial intercourse, while the two Governments were at war, would be placing the act of Government and the acts of individuals in contradiction to each other. It would counteract the operations of war, and throw obstacles in the way of the public efforts, and lead to disorder, imbecility and treason. Trading supposes the existence of civil contracts and a reference to courts of justice; and it is, therefore, necessarily contradictory to a state of war. It affords aid to the enemy in an effectual manner, by enabling the merchants of the enemy's country to support their Government, and it facilitates the means of conveying intelligence, and carrying on a traitorous correspondence with the enemy. These considerations apply with peculiar force to maritime States, where the principle object is to destroy the marine resources and commerce of the enemy, in order to force them to peace. It is a well settled doctrine in the English courts, and with English jurists, that there cannot

exist, at the same time, a war for arms and a peace for commerce. *The war puts an end at once to all dealing and all communication with each other, and places every individual of the respective Governments, as well as the Governments themselves, in a state of hostility.*

* * * * * * * * * * *

It follows as a necessary consequence of the doctrine of the illegality of all intercourse or traffic, without express permission, that all contracts with the enemy, made during war, are utterly void. The insurance of enemies' property is an illegal contract, because it is a species of trade and intercourse with the enemy. The drawing of a bill of exchange by an alien enemy, on a subject of the adverse country, is an illegal and void contract, because it is a communication and contract. The purchase of bills on the enemy's country, or the remission and deposit of funds there, is a dangerous and illegal act; because it may be cherishing the resources and relieving the wants of an enemy. The remission of funds in money or bills to the subjects of the enemy, is unlawful. *The inhibition reaches to every communication, direct or circuitous.* All endeavors at trade with the enemy, by the intervention of third persons, or by partnership, have equally failed, and no artifice has succeeded to legalize the trade, without express permission of the government. Every relaxation of the rule tends to corrupt the allegiance of the subject, and prevents the war from fulfilling its end. * * * It is also a further consequence of the inability of the subjects of the two States to commence or carry on any correspondence or business together, that all *commercial partnerships existing between the subjects of the two parties, prior to the war, are dissolved by the mere force and act of the war itself,* tho' other contracts existing prior to the war are not extinguished, but the remedy is only suspended, and this forms the inability of an alien enemy to sue, or to sustain, in the language of civilians, a *persona standi in judicio.*

Privateering Legalized by the South.

The Congress of the Confederate States met at Montgomery on the 6th inst., and an act, declaring war against the United States Government and legalizing piracy, was passed in secret session, but the injunction of secrecy was immediately removed, and the infamous document ordered to be published. We publish two of the sections, and would give the entire act, were it not of such extreme length. Section 10, as will be observed, offers a premium of twenty dollars for each person killed on an American vessel, and twenty-five dollars for each prisoner delivered into the hands of the rebels.

Sec. 10. That a *bounty shall be paid by the Confederate States of $20 for each person on board any armed ship or vessel belonging to the United States, at the commencement of any engagement,* which shall be burnt, sunk or destroyed by any vessel commissioned as aforesaid, which shall be of equal or inferior force, the same divided as in other cases of prize money; and a *bounty of $25 shall be paid to the owners, officers and crews of the private armed vessels commissioned as aforesaid, for each and every prisoner by them captured and brought into port,* and delivered to an agent authorized to receive them, in any port of the Confederate States; and the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized to pay or cause to be paid to the owners, officers and crews of such private armed vessels, commissioned as aforesaid, or their agent, the bounties herein provided.

By the following section it will seen that the government of the Confederate States are determined to secure their share of the plunder.

Sec. 15. That five per centum on the net amount (after deducting all charges and expenditures,) of the prize money arising from captured vessels and cargoes, and on the net salvage of vessels and cargoes re-captured by the private armed vessels of the Confederate States, *shall be secured and paid over to the collector or other chief officer of the customs,* at the port or place in the Confederate States at which such captured or re-captured vessel may arrive, or to the Consul or other public agent of the Confederate States residing at the port or place not within the Confederate States at which such captured or re-captured vessel may arrive. And the moneys arising therefrom shall be held and are hereby pledged by the government of the Confederate States as a fund for the support of the widows and orphans of such persons as may be slain, and for the support and maintenance of such persons as may be wounded and disabled on board of the private armed vessels commissioned as aforesaid, in any engagement with the enemy, to be assigned and distributed in such manner as shall hereafter be provided by law.

Western Virginia Convention.

The resolutions introduced by Col. Wheat, in the Convention of Union men assembled at Wheeling on Tuesday, were comprehensive and admirably drawn, and cover the entire position occupied by Union men in States tyrannized over by the mutineers.

"They pronounce the ordinance of secession passed by the Richmond Convention, null and void; refuse to submit to the schedule attached to the ordinance, which suspended the election of members of Congress; denounce the Convention between the Commissioners of the Confederate States and the State, giving the control of the military operations of the State to the Confederate States, as a violation of the State constitution, and subversive of the rights and liberties of the people; recommend the people of the State to vote for members of Congress at the ensuing election, to vote against the ordinance of secession, and to vote for members of the House of Delegates, who entertain opinions in harmony with these resolutions; declare it to be the duty of citizens to maintain the constitution and laws of the State, and the State officers in the lawful discharge of their duties thereunder, and to maintain and defend the Constitution of the United States, and all officers thereunder, in the proper discharge of their duties."

Col. Wheat's resolutions were adopted by the Committee on Federal and State Relations, by a vote of sixteen against six — nearly three to one. The Convention is to meet again on June 11th.

A Land Blockade.

Secretary Chase has issued the following important order to officers of the customs in the Northern and Western States, enjoining them to prevent the shipment of arms, munitions of war, provisions or other supplies to the rebellious States. In effect, this order establishes a land blockade of the seceding States, while the federal fleet is shutting up the Atlantic and Gulf ports. The order is as follows:

Treasury Department, May 2, 1861.

To Collectors, Surveyors and other officers of the Customs on the Northern and Northwestern Waters of the United States:

On the 19th day of April, 1861, the President of the United States, by proclamation, declared the ports of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas under blockade, and on the 27th of the same month, by another proclamation, declared the ports of Virginia and North Carolina also under blockade, since which proclamation this department has received reliable information that attempts are frequently made to furnish arms, munitions of war, provisions and other supplies to persons and parties in those States in open insurrection against the constitutional authorities of the Union. It becomes my duty, therefore, to instruct you to cause a careful examination to be made of the manifests of all steam or other vessels departing from your port with cargoes whose ultimate destination you have satisfactory reason to believe is for any port or place under the control of such insurrectionary parties, and to compare the same with the cargo on board, and if any such manifests be found to embrace any of the articles of the description before mentioned, or any such articles be found to constitute part of the cargo, you will take all necessary and proper means to prevent the departure of the vessel, and to detain the same in your custody until all such articles shall be removed therefrom, to await further proceedings according to law. You will also make a careful examination of all flatboats and other water craft without manifests, and of railroad cars, and other vehicles, arriving at or leaving your port laden with merchandise the ultimate destination of which you have good reason to believe is for any port or place under insurrectionary control; and if arms, munitions of war, provisions or other supplies are found bearing such destination, you will seize and detain the same, to await the proper legal proceedings for confiscation or forfeiture.

In carrying out these instructions, you will bear in mind that all persons or parties in armed insurrection against the Union, however such persons or parties may be organized or named, are engaged in levying war against the United States; and that all persons furnishing to such insurgent arms, munitions of war, provisions or other supplies, are giving them aid and comfort, and so guilty of treason within the terms of the second section of the third article of the constitution. And you will therefore use your utmost vigilance and endeavor to prevent the prohibited shipments, and to detect and bring to punishment all who are in any way concerned in furnishing to such insurgents any of the articles above described. You will, however, on the other hand, be careful not to interrupt vexatiously, or beyond necessity, by unwarranted or protracted detentions and examinations, the regular and lawful commerce of your port. You will report forthwith whether any, and if any, what, additional measures may be necessary in your judgment to carry into full effect the foregoing resolutions, and you will report to this department from time to time your action under these instructions.

I am, very respectfully, S. P. Chase,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts.

A special session of the Massachusetts Legislature met at Boston, on the 13th inst. In his message, Gov. Andrew says this is no war of sections,— no war of the North on the South,— it is waged to avenge no former wrongs, nor to perpetuate ancient griefs or memories of conflict, but it is the struggle of the people to vindicate their own rights; to retain and invigorate the institutions of their fathers; the majestic effort of the national government to vindicate its power and execute its functions for the welfare and happiness of the people.

In reference to arms, the Governor says that in view of the great lack of arms existing in this Commonwealth, certain to become apparent in the event of a continued struggle,— a want shared by the States in common with each other,— under the advice and consent of the Council, a commissioned person sailed in April, in the Persia, to proceed to England, charged with the duty of purchasing Minnie rifles, or other arms of corresponding efficiency, in England or on the continent, as he might find it needful and desirable. To this end he was furnished with a letter of credit to the amount of £50,000, and he was attended by an accomplished and experienced armorer familiar with the workshops of the old world. The production of fire-arms at home will, of necessity, remain for a considerable period inadequate for the home demand, and I await with much interest the arrival from abroad of our importation, and I have no doubt that Congress, at its special session, will relieve this Commonwealth from the payment of duties thereon.

A Commissary General and Medical Bureau is recommended, to be connected with the Massachusetts troops.

Another recommendation is the establishment of a State encampment for military instruction. The Governor recommends a loan to meet the expenses of the emergency, and suggests that the scrip be partly issuable in sums of from $50 to $100, so that small capitalists may share in the investment.

The disbursements for military purposes made up to the 13th, amount to $257,645, to which may be added about $100,000, to cover contracts for clothing and equipments ordered for future use. Of the sum expended $62,500 was for the purchase of one-half of the steamers Pembroke and Cambridge.

The message concludes as follows:— Senators and Representatives, heavy responsibilities have fallen, in the Providence of God, upon the Government and the people, and they are welcome. They could not have been safely postponed. They have not arrived too soon. They will sift and try this people,— all who lead and all who follow; but this trial is given us to revive our past, and will breathe the inspiration of a new life into our national character, and re-assure the destiny of the Republic.

Exciting News from the Southwest.

The New Orleans papers of Saturday and Sunday, the 11th and 12th inst., contain the following statements. The forts referred to are in the Indian Territory, close on the northern boundary of Eastern Texas. The traitors of the Lone Star State have been busily fortifying their coasts against apprehended attacks from the United States fleet, and in harrassing the small bodies of United States troops still on their soil, and seem to have been taken entirely by surprise by this descent upon their northern boundaries. At any rate, they are terribly scared.

The New Orleans Delta of the 12th says that Gov. Moore has received a letter signed by well-known responsible men, stating that United States troops had crossed the country from Kansas in large numbers, and had retaken Forts Wachitaw and Cobb, and were about performing the same feat on Fort Arbuckle. The letter calls for arms, ammunition and men.

The same journal of the 13th says that an express has just reached Shreveport, La., stating that Montgomery of Kansas, at the head of 2,000 or 3,000 men, had taken possession of Forts Wachitaw and Cobb on our northern frontier, and threaten invasion of our State and the devastation of our country.

The Picayune of the 13th says:—"We learn by the steamer J. M. Sharp, which arrived this morning from Jefferson, Texas, that news reached that place Tuesday last, by express, in a letter to J. M. & J. C. Murphy, that Montgomery, of Kansas notoriety, at the head of 3,000 men, had taken Fort Wachitaw. Messengers had been to Marshall and other places, for men, money, guns, powder and lead. Capt. Bill Young, with about 600 men, was on the march to oppose Montgomery. This news was corroborated last Wednesday at Shreveport. The greatest excitement prevailed throughout the country. The bells were ringing when the Sharp left Jefferson, for the purpose of calling a town meeting. Already a large meeting had been held at Shreveport."

A correspondent of the Picayune writes:—"In connection with the reported taking of Fort Wachitaw by the notorious Montgomery of Kansas abolition fame, it may be as well to state that three weeks ago I learned in Galveston, on undoubted authority from St. Louis, via New Orleans, and published in the Galveston News, that Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of War had, about a week before, sent a dispatch to Major Montgomery, U. S. A., at St. Louis, to instruct Major Emory to concentrate all the forces he could at Forts Wachitaw, Cobb and Arbuckle, which posts are just outside of the northern frontier of Texas, and parallel with it. Major Emory was to use his own discretion as to when and how to carry out the order. This news has doubtless ere this reached the Texan frontier. Major Montgomery, you will remember, was taken prisoner the other day by the Arkansas State troops, at or near Fort Smith, on the western frontier of that State, and the point of departure of the overland stages. Fort Wachitaw is on the Camanche Reserve, to the northwest of Texas, and will afford Montgomery an excellent opportunity, backed by those Indians, who all hate the Texans, to depredate in our own State."

Harper's Ferry.

This place, already famous by the murderous folly of John Brown, sr., again comes into notice as the probable center of future important military operations, and the prospective scene of the first bloody conflict in the gathering war. In point of population, its importance is insignificant; its location, however, as may be seen by reference to the map of the center States, renders it of more than ordinary importance at the present time. It is situated at the confluence of the Shenandoah with the Potomac river, where the united streams break through the Blue Ridge, 100 miles north of Richmond and 53 miles north of Washington City, in a direct line. It is about 80 miles by railroad from the Relay House, where are stationed General Butler's forces. Without the benefit of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the rebel forces could march on Washington in less time than to the Relay House. The scenery in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry is in the highest degree beautiful and picturesque. It was at one time called Shenandoah Falls. Its present name is derived from a ferry long since established across the Potomac, which is now spanned by a bridge about 800 feet in length. It is on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and at the northern terminus of a railroad connecting with Winchester. The Ohio and Chesapeake Canal also passes along on the opposite side of the Potomac.

The village is irregularly built around the face of a hill, and has been the center of considerable trade, drawn there by the United States armory. The village contains several manufactories and flouring mills, and five or six churches. Before the destruction of the government works at that place, by the United States officers in command, there were constantly employed from two hundred to two hundred and fifty hands, manufacturing in the neighborhood of ten thousand muskets annually, which were stored in the government arsenal, subject to the orders of the administration at Washington. It is seldom that there are less than eighty thousand stand of arms in the arsenal ready for service. There may have been a much less number at the time of its destruction, from the fact that Secretary Floyd sent South all that he could muster, and he would be likely to ship them faster than they could be manufactured.

The rebel forces have now full possession of this point, and are planting their batteries on both sides of the river. Whatever there is left of the machinery in the armory, or stand of arms in the arsenal, is now under their control, and guarded by a force variously estimated from 2,500 to 5,000 and even much larger, with constant reports of reinforcements. The inhabitants of those counties in Pennsylvania bordering on that portion of Maryland directly opposite to the ferry, are in constant fear of invasion from the rebel army, and have made all necessary preparation to defend themselves from any depredation that may be made, whilst there is stationed at Chambersburg a large force of Pennsylvania troops, under the command of Gen. E. A. Williams, an officer well versed in all the arts of war. This detachment, numbering several thousand, will make matters rather warm for the secessionists should they step upon Pennsylvania soil.

"All we Desire is to be Let Alone."

Thus spake Mr. Jefferson Davis in his message to the Congress now in session at Montgomery. Let us interpret the words of the rebels by their deeds.

On the 28th of December last, they seized Fort Moultrie, Castle Pinckney, the Custom House, Post Office, and Arsenal, at Charleston, all of them indisputably the property of the Federal Government.

On the 2d of January they seized Forts Pulaski and Jackson, and United States Arsenal at Savannah, all of them indisputably the property of the Federal Government.

On the 4th of January they seized Fort Morgan and the Arsenal at Mobile, also the property of the Federal Government.

On the 9th of January they fired into the Star of the West, bearing the United States flag and carrying provisions and reinforcements to a United States fort.

On the 11th of January they seized the United States Arsenal at Baton Rouge, and Forts Pike and Jackson.

On the 12th of January they seized the United States Navy Yard at Pensacola and Fort Barancas, and have ever since been preparing to attack Fort Pickens and wrest it from the United States.

On the 31st of January they seized the United States custom house at New Orleans, and the mint with its treasure.

On the 20th of February they took, by the surrender of the arch-traitor Twiggs, the munitions of war and other public property in Texas.

On the 14th of April they bombarded and captured Fort Sumter.

On the 19th of April Mr. Jefferson Davis invited offers for letters of marque, waging war upon private citizens, as well as the Government of the United States.

On the 13th of April the rebel Secretary of War publicly proclaimed their intention to attack the national capital, and boasted by the first of May, the rebel flag would float from the federal capitol.

In every case of the seizure of public property, they hauled down the flag of the United States and hoisted the rebel flag in its place.

Yet "all they want is to be let alone."

And we have enumerated yet only the more prominent acts of aggression and war waged by rebels against the Constitutional government of the U. S. We might tell of vessels seized, both national and private, of threats and menaces of the subjugation of the loyal States to their despotism, the driving of loyal citizens from their homes with insult and injury, and the confiscation of their property; the arrest and imprisonment of United States officers and United States soldiers, who were loyal to their government, and innumerable other acts of aggression upon the rights and the flag of the United States. And now "all they want is to be let alone."

Gen. Harney's Position.

Considerable speculation has been had in reference to Gen. Harney, and the position he would be likely to assume in the present difficulties. The General puts all doubts to flight in a proclamation issued to the people of Missouri on the 14th inst. In this address he calls attention to the military bill recently passed by the Legislature, which he regards as an indirect ordinance of secession, manifestly unconstitutional, and it ought not to be upheld by good citizens.

He says that whatever may be the termination of the present condition of things in respect to the cotton States, Missouri must share the destiny of the Union. All her material interests point to this result, and so important is this regarded to the great interests of the country, that I venture the opinion that the whole power of the United States Government, if necessary, will be exerted to maintain Missouri in the Union.

Speaking of Camp Jackson, he says, the names of Davis and Beauregard mark its main avenues; that a body of men, organized in the interests of the Secessionists, have been received there, wearing the dress and badge distinguishing the army of the Southern Confederacy, and leaves the people to draw an inference of the character and ultimate purposes of the encampment. He states, however, that there were many good and loyal men in the camp, who were in no manner responsible for its treasonable character.

In conclusion, he says:—"Disclaiming all desire and intention to interfere with the prerogative of the State of Missouri, or with the functions of its Executive, yet I regard it my plain path of duty to express to the people, in respectful but decided language, that within the field and scope of my command, the supreme law of the land must and shall be maintained, and no subterfuges whatever in the form of Legislative acts or otherwise, can be permitted to possess or oppress the good law-abiding people of Missouri. I shall exert my authority to protect their persons and property from violation of every kind, and shall deem it my duty to suppress all unlawful combinations of men, whether formed under a military organization or otherwise."

The Latest from St. Louis.

An official statement, published on the 17th, says the first firing at Camp Jackson, Friday evening, was some half a dozen shots fired near the head of the column. The regiment was greeted by a volley of stones, and a pistol shot from the crowd.

The second firing occurred from the rear of the column guarding the prisoners. The crowd here was large and very abusive. One man discharged three barrels of a revolver at Lieut. Saxon, of the regular service, many of the mob cheering him and drawing revolvers, and firing at the troops. The man who commenced the attack then laid his pistol across his arm, and was taking deliberate aim at Lieut. Saxon, when he was thrust through with a bayonet and fired upon at the same time, and instantly killed. The column then moved on, having received orders to march, and the company being assaulted by the crowd, several of them halted and shot, causing the deaths reported. The order was then given by Capt. Lyon to cease firing, which was promptly obeyed.

The principal arms taken from Camp Jackson were four large sized howitzers, two ten inch mortars, a large number of ten inch shells ready charged, some 5,000 U. S. muskets, supposed to be a portion of those taken from the Baton Rouge arsenal.

A thousand people left St. Louis yesterday afternoon, in consequence of the reports of insubordination among the German troops, and their threats to burn and sack the city; but the appearance of General Harney's proclamation in a great measure restored confidence, and many of those who left will probably return to-day. The city is now quiet, and the highest hopes are entertained that no disturbance will occur.

Twenty-two persons are known to have been killed at Camp Jackson, and there are eighteen who have been identified. Among the large number that were wounded, twenty-nine have died, and several yet living are not expected to recover.

The Collector of this port has received orders from the Secretary of the Treasury to examine the manifests of all vessels bound South, and compare them with the cargoes, and if arms, ammunitions, provisions or other supplies are found on board, that the vessel and cargo be confiscated and the owners arrested for treason. Shipments South have been suspended. One thousand muskets and several pieces of cannon, from Baton Rouge, arrived by river this morning and were seized.

Spirit of the Hour.

To make up the 30,000 men demanded of New York State by the United States Government, 380 companies were wanted. Up to May 15th, 722 companies had been entered at Albany. This shows the spirit of the people.

The Legislature of Tennessee, says Parson Brownlow, after passing an ordinance of secession, without the shadow of authority, on the 7th inst., appropriated five million dollars for the defence and armament of the State. And this when there is not a cent in the treasury unappropriated, and the State bonds selling at forty-five and a fraction.

The St. Louis Republican contains an editorial on the proclamation of Gen. Harney, in which the following paragraph occurs:—"*The State of Missouri is so enfiladed and controlled by the military forces levied by the United States Government, that it would be worse than madness to think of opposing them with any expectation of success.* So much we have felt ourselves bound to say by way of caution to the people of Missouri."

The Cambria (Pa.) Regiment, having been formed too late for acceptance into the service, have offered a bonus of $1,000 to the State, if it will permit them to take a place in the army.

The most significant offer yet made to our Government is that just received from Scotland. Certain prominent Scotch merchants, doing business in this country, are responsible for a tender of ten regiments of unequipped, but well-built, hardy, active men, who are not earning $11 per month above their living, and who are ready and willing to enter the service of the United States for the war, be it long or short, on condition that, at the expiration of the war, the Government will grant them each a bounty of land.

The Charleston correspondent of the New York Times writes that "there is less enthusiasm there for marching north than there was to attack Fort Sumter," and that "Pickens will not be attacked until Bragg has a sure thing." All of which is no doubt true.

A young Kentuckian, whose family lives one hundred and twenty miles from Madison, Ind., volunteered in Captain Crittenden's company. He traveled on foot one hundred and twenty miles to join a volunteer company to serve under the Stars and Stripes. In the morning, when the friends and relations of the volunteers were shaking hands and bidding good-bye, he said sadly, "I have no one to say 'God bless you!'" A hundred hands were extended, and a hundred prayers went up instantly.

The Louisville Journal says a worthy sister of Gov. Magoffin has sent to the Legislature a petition for the Union, signed by eight hundred ladies of Mercer county. God bless her for her patriotism. Would to Heaven she were Governor of Kentucky, and that her brother Beriah were at home in petticoats.

Affairs at Washington.

A telegram on the 18th says Major Gen. Butler will go this afternoon to Annapolis, where he will concentrate the 5th, 6th, and 8th Regiments of Massachusetts into a brigade. The Boston Light Artillery will form part of the brigade. Gen. Butler will then go to Fortress Monroe, where the Massachusetts regiments 3d and 4th now are. The consolidation of these regiments into one brigade will give the General a formidable command, and the control of officers and men with whom he has personal acquaintance. An additional regiment, consisting of 1,000 men, was thrown into Fortress Monroe on the 17th inst., making a total of 3,000 at that garrison. The telegraph this (Monday) morning says that the government have ordered forward with all dispatch a camp of from 15,000 to 20,000 men, which will be created outside of the Fortress, under Gen. Butler's command.

It is probable that Gen. G. B. McClellan will enter Virginia at the head of the Ohio and other Western troops simultaneously with any movement of General Butler upon Norfolk. At the same time a column of regulars will move forward from Washington. Thus Virginia, attacked at three or four points at once, will find her position altogether unenviable and be subjected to the necessity of keeping a sharp lookout for the Federal armies.

The dispatch from the South that the rebels have nearly completed arrangements for an attack on Washington is not believed. The government has, however, received such information from secret agents in the South, but it is presumed that they have been made to believe these things by the leaders to deceive their own people at home, and to draw the attention of the government here from points in Virginia to Washington. Gen. Scott will protect Washington without abandoning his plan of operation at other points. Three companies have been stationed at the Long Bridge the past two nights, one on the Virginia side, near the draw, and one on the Washington side. Four picked men from each company in the District, to-day were ordered to report at a certain point for immediate service. It is not known what they are to do, but it is presumed they are for scouting purposes. They are the best men and most trustworthy that could be selected.

The Secretary of War has to-day accepted the 1st brigade of Chicago, 3,000 (Irish) strong, and they go in for the war. Col. Mulligan has left for Illinois to bring them on. They have orders for marching in this direction as soon as he arrives.

A dispatch to the N. Y. Herald on the 17th says it is useless to disguise the fact that the leading members of the diplomatic corps in Washington are engaged in constant and anxious discussions as to the course it may be necessary for them, at any day, to adopt. They have recently received urgent instructions from their respective governments to inform them with the utmost precision the chances of the two sections in their present deadly quarrel. It is leaking out that the governments in question have declared that their commercial interests are identified in a great degree with the South, and that if they are forced to take sides with either, they will be compelled to look carefully after cotton and free trade. England is disposed to move cautiously in the matter, and is playing her usual game of urging France to take the chestnuts out of the fire. The country may not generally be aware that there is at this moment an agent of the French Emperor traveling in the South by the name of Baroche. He is understood to say that he is simply collecting information for the Commercial Bureau, for the Minister of Public Works, but this artifice is too transparent to deceive the most credulous. He is a political more than a commercial agent, and his dispatches, regularly forwarded to Paris, necessarily exercise great influence over the mind of the Emperor. It is beginning to transpire that Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London Times, is not merely writing letters to that journal, but that his private communications for higher quarters contain a great deal of interesting matter that he does not think altogether discreet to put in print.

It is evident, from appearances, that the government intends dealing with Missouri in the same way that it has with Maryland. As an evidence of this, the government has concluded to take charge of the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, and employ it for government purposes.

It appears that the government is steadily carrying out its programme of action as to the rebel States. It has determined to appoint Collectors for the Southern ports, and is engaged in selecting men of energy, whose names we at present withhold, adapted to fulfil the important functions confided to them. The duties will be collected on the decks of men-of-war, whatever may be the opinions of legal authorities here or elsewhere on the subject.

Inspector Gen. Thomas says he has administered the oath to some 25,000 of the volunteers in Washington, and would consider 30 as a large margin for the whole number who had refused. He believes in no instance did a refusal originate in disloyalty to the Union. The reasons most generally given by the parties themselves, was, that the municipal authorities from which they came had promised to provide for their families, and had not done so.

The assurances that the administration is rigorously prosecuting its measures against the insurrectionary States has a substantial basis. All the members of the Cabinet, together with the President, are animated by a common principle in furthering the plans for consummating the Government policy. An increased stimulus, however, was applied on the 16th inst. A committee of prominent gentlemen from New York had a long interview with them, and the result was their consent to accept the services of fourteen additional regiments from that State. This meets with the concurrence of Gen. Scott. The committee urge more prompt and efficient means, with no halt in the proceedings, and it appears from private conversation that the supply of money to support that increased force, is a matter which should occasion no concern to the Administration.

The following is the number of Infantry regiments to be received from each State for a total increase of seventy-five regiments of three years' volunteers under the recent determination of the Government: New York, 11; Pennsylvania, 10; Ohio, 9; Illinois, 6; Massachusetts, 5; Wisconsin, 4; Michigan, 3; Iowa, 2; New Jersey, 3; Virginia, 2; Maine, Maryland, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Minnesota, Delaware, Kansas, Nebraska, and District of Columbia, one regiment each. The other regiments, mainly of cavalry, are not assigned. The general government is doing what it can through its Commissary and Quarter-Master General officers to take care of the volunteers and contingents of States as they arrive, but it will always be provident on the part of States to have in Washington, or on the route in advance of their troops, a member of the State General Staff to provide for contingencies and see that the troops are properly cared for.

The News Condenser.

— The Kentucky Legislature is stirring up Gov. Magoffin.

— The new planet (the 65th) has been named Maximiliana.

— The Indiana Legislature adjourned on the 11th for ten days.

— One hundred and five Cincinnati printers have "gone to the war."

— A large number of ladies are in training at Cincinnati for army nurses.

— A steel cannon, invented by Louis Napoleon, has met with much success.

— A pickerel has been caught in the Chautauque lake, weighing 35 pounds.

— St. Louis has raised 10,000 men to aid in fighting the battles of the Union.

— The contributions to the Indian Famine Relief Fund have reached £71,400.

— Our Government has had 250,000 men proffered from west of the Alleganies.

— Nearly every portion of Washington and the District is connected by telegraph.

— Photography is being introduced into the French army as a branch of education.

— Nine steamboats are reported to have been burnt at New Orleans, on Sunday week.

— The prospects of the Indigo districts of India are reported to be very discouraging.

— The Duchess of Kent's will bequeaths all of her property to her daughter, the Queen.

— Our Government instructs foreign ministers to oppose any recognition of the C. S. A.

— The Indianapolis Journal says that Indiana has now 40,000 men organized and ready.

— A large quantity of cotton has accumulated at Fort Monroe, captured from rebel vessels.

— A New York collector, who took out $80,000 worth of Southern paper, received $2,000.

— The largest cast iron building in the world is now being erected at the city of Havana, Cuba.

— It is said that the fit of secession that recently afflicted Maryland, cost her a cool $1,000,000.

— It is said that the London Times saves £18,780 per annum by using foreign manufactured paper.

— A great fire in Rawa, Poland, has deprived 318 families, composed of 1,700 persons, of shelter.

— Diptheria is committing fearful ravages in the neighborhood of Somerset and Chesterville, Me.

— It is estimated that there are now congregated at Elmira, N. Y., about eight thousand volunteers.

— The population of Virginia is as follows: Whites, 1,049,-664; free colored, 57,579; slaves, 490,887.

— The city of Berlin is overrun by millions of rats. The police has been called upon to interfere.

— A list of 63 Egyptian kings, engraved on lime stone, has been exhumed from the ruins of Memphis.

— It is estimated that 20,000 Union men have been driven from the seceded States during the last month.

— No fortifications on either side of the Potomac, or Chesapeake Bay, are in the hands of the secessionists.

— One of Rosa Bonheur's pictures—a little two feet square piece, depicting sheep—brought $611 in England.

— Three thousand Syrian Christian girls were carried off and sold to the Turks during the late disturbances.

— The French journals republish the Pope's protest against Victor Emanuel assuming the title of King of Italy.

— The Emperor Napoleon has given two thousand francs toward the erection of an English church at Biarritz.

— It is stated that the Wheeling (Va.) banks have moved their specie out of that city and State to safer quarters.

— It is stated that Capt. Engle and another naval officer have gone to Europe to purchase ships for naval service.

— The first Onondaga Regiment of New York volunteers has been mustered into the service of the United States.

— The chivalry are concerned because they are called upon to "whip" Northern shoemakers, and not "gentlemen."

— Bishop Clarke, of Rhode Island, is working a sewing machine for ladies who are making garments for volunteers.

— The "Pet Lambs" is the sobriquet by which the New York Fire Zouaves are now favorably known in Washington.

— The Kansas Legislature has appropriated $20,000 to be used to repel invasions and place the State on a war footing.

— "The Theology of Weapons" was the subject of a sermon by an orthodox clergyman at Chelsea, Mass., on Sunday week.

— Citizens of Albany are suggesting the propriety of a Home Guard, as a precautionary measure in these times of excitement.

— The Bank of the Capital, at Albany, has suspended. The notes are entirely secured—not a cent will be lost on them.

— A proclamation has been issued at St. Domingo announcing the transfer of the east end of the island to the Spanish Crown.

— Five thousand Kentucky ladies (God bless them!) have petitioned to the Legislature of that State to stand by the Union.

— Eight steamboats and three ships were destroyed by fire in New Orleans on the 6th inst. Negro incendiaries are suspected.

— The Great Eastern is at New York, now loading with grain for Liverpool, and all her gangways are occupied in taking in the cargo.

— The Government has formally accepted the services of Miss Dix, well known as a philanthropist, in the Hospital Department.

— Cleveland, Ohio, is overrun with pickpockets. A lady was relieved of her purse while passing out of church, on Sunday week.

— England exports nearly six hundred thousand barrels of beer every year. Australia and India take about one half of that quantity.

— Citizens of seceded States, to receive patents for inventions, must take the oath acknowledging their allegiance to the United States.

— Gambling in railway cars has become such a nuisance in England, that notices have been put up in some of the stations, prohibiting it.

— Charles Lever, the novelist, died at Spezzia, in the latter part of April. He was a native of Dublin, and was educated in Paris as physician.

— The third class of the Naval School, numbering fifty, have been ordered from Newport to Washington, where they will act as instructors.

— The Russian Emperor has ordered a permanent observatory to be created on Mount Ararat, near Tiflis. The work has already commenced.

— The proprietor of the Syracuse Democrat (German) announces the suspension of his paper. Reason, all his compositors have enlisted.

— Letters received in New York from Kansas say that the crops promise splendidly this year. The prospect has not been so good for several years.

— Oben Tibbets, a member of the Rhode Island Regiment, married Sarah Beasly, one of the daughters of the regiment, in Washington, on the 2d inst.

— Five hundred persons were destroyed in the bastion of St. Antonio, at Gaeta, by the explosion of a single sixteen inch rifled shell in the magazine.

— Oliver Goldsmith's memory is to be honored with a statue in Dublin. The work is being executed by the celebrated native sculptor, Mr. Foley.

— J. B. Miller, formerly editor of the Utica Observer, and lately U. S. Consul at Hamburgh, Germany, died at Marseilles, France, on the 22d of last month, aged 40.

— In Portland, Me., Monday week, a horse put his foot through a lady's hoop skirt, and to extricate it, three men were required to hold the horse, and two to hold the lady.

Special Notices.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS!

To those who wish to purchase a perfect "Combined Reaper and Mower," we would say that "BALL'S OHIO MOWER AND REAPER" is manufactured at the Auburn Prison by Messrs. Ross, Dodge & Pomroy, sole proprietors for the State of New York, for the use of these valuable patents. The machine is made of the best materials, and warranted to be a perfect Mower or Reaper, and to cut easily, without clogging, any kind of grain or grass, either wet or dry.

The Mower has a Cast Steel Cutter Bar, 4 feet 3 inches cut, with polished wrought iron guards, plated in the Slot with Cast Steel, and tempered.

The Reaping attachment has a Finger Bar and polished wrought iron guards attached to it, with a Sicale-edged Knife, which, for cutting grain, is far better than the smooth-edge mowing knives generally used. By means of the separate Finger Bar and Sickle, they are enabled to make the Reaper cut either 5 or 6 feet swath, and dispense with the heavy Mowing Bar when reaping.

The Combined Reaper and Mower is delivered to the purchaser for the sum of $160, for a six months' note without interest, or $145 cash. The Mower is $30 less.

The agents for Monroe County are [586-6te]
J. W. HANNAH, of Clifton, Monroe Co., N. Y.
DANIEL KINGSLEY, of Pittsford, Monroe Co., N. Y.

To All Our Readers.

Back Numbers of this Volume Free!

To all who subscribe for the Rural New-Yorker from May 1st to end of the Year and Volume—eight months—we will, if desired, send the back numbers (from Jan'y 1st) *Free.* This offer (to be continued for a month, and perhaps until July 1st,) will enable many who were unable to subscribe at the beginning of the year, or later, to secure the entire volume at *less than cost of publication.*

Western and Southern Money.—In the present deranged state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our bankers will not purchase it at any rate of discount. Agents and Subscribers who cannot obtain New York, New England, Pennsylvania, or Canada Money, will please send us *U. S. Postage Stamps*, as they are far preferable to any uncurrent bank bills.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
Rochester, May 21, 1861.

Flour—Although there is no marked increase in sales, flour has taken an advance equal to 25 cents per barrel on all grades.

Grain—No particular change in prices of wheat, but Canadian is somewhat firmer, and an occasional small sample has brought $1,40 per bushel. Corn has advanced slightly. Oats have also gone up in rates.

Meats—Smoked meats exhibit a decline equal to $1,00 per hundred pounds.

Dairy, &c.—Butter is falling off in price. Lard is worth only 10 cents. Eggs plenty, and bringing but 9 cents per dozen.

Fruit and Roots—Apples and Potatoes have advanced materially during the week.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

Flour and Grain		Eggs, dozen	@9c
Flour, winter wheat	$5,00@6,75	Honey, box	12@14
Flour, spring do	5,00@5,25	Candles, box	11@12
Flour, buckwheat	0,00@2,00	Candles, extra	13@15
Meal, Indian	1,00@1,12	**Fruit and Roots**	
Wheat, Genesee	1,10@1,30	Apples, bushel	30@50c
Best white Canada	0,00@1,37	Apples, dried, ℔ lb	2@2½
Corn, old	00@46c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	9@10
Corn, new	00@45	Cherries, dried	9@10
Rye, 60 lbs ℔ bush	45@55	Plums, dried	@ 9
Oats, by weight	25@27	Potatoes	50@75
Barley	50@55	**Hides and Skins**	
Buckwheat	35@40	Slaughter	4 @ 4½
Beans	88c@$1,13	Calf	7 @ 7
Meats		Sheep Pelts	50@163c
Pork, Mess	$17,50@18,00	Lamb Pelts	50@88
Pork, clear	20,00@20,00	**Seeds**	
Pork, cwt	5,00@6,00	Clover, bushel	$5,00@5,25
Beef, cwt	4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,50@3,00
Spring lambs, each	1,50@2,00	**Sundries**	
Mutton, carcass	6@6½c	Wood, hard	$3,00@5,00
Hams, smoked	9½@10½	Wood, soft	3,00@3,00
Shoulders	6½@7	Coal, Lehigh	7,00@7,00
Chickens	9@10	Coal, Scranton	5,75@6,00
Turkeys	10@11	Coal, Pittston	5,75@6,00
Geese	40@50	Coal, Shamokin	5,75@6,00
Ducks ℔ pair	38@44	Coal, Char	10@12½
Dairy, &c.		Salt, bbl	1,40@1,13
Butter, roll	12@14	Hay, ton	8,00@13,00
Butter, firkin	10@13	Straw, ton	0,00@0,00
Cheese	9@11	Wool, ℔ lb	31@50c
Lard, tried	10@10	Whitefish, half bbl	4,00@4,60
Tallow, rough	5½@6	Codfish, ℔ quintal	4,00@4,75
Tallow, tried	7½@8	Trout, half bbl	4,00@4,25

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 20.—Flour—Market heavy for common grades, and prices are stronger in favor of the buyer. Sales at $4,95@5,10 for superfine State, $5,15@5,20 for extra do, $4,95@5,10 for superfine Western, $5,15@5,10 for common to medium extra do, $5,15@5,65 for inferior to good extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian dull and unchanged. Sales at $5,15@7,50.

Grain—Wheat, market heavy and common grades fully 1c lower, sales at $1,20@1,23 for Milwaukee club, $1,30@1,32 for winter red Western, $1,21 for Canada club, $1,38@1,39 for white Western. Rye quiet at 65@68c. Barley dull at 55@58c. Corn, market dull and drooping, sales at 56½c for old mixed Western, and 50@53c for new do. Oats firm at 30@33c.

Provisions—Pork quiet, sales at $17,25 for mess, $13,00 for prime. Lard dull and heavy, sales at 9@9½c. Butter in fair request at 10@16c for Ohio, and 12@16c for State. Cheese steady at 4@8c.

ALBANY, May 20.—Flour and Meal—The supply of Flour continues moderate, and the demand for choice brands continues unabated, without any improvement to note in prices, other descriptions are quiet.

Common to good State	$5,00@5,10
Fancy and extra State	5,25@5,50
Common to good Western	5,30@5,75
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	5,30@7,25
Extra Ohio	6,25@7,25
Common Canadian	5,25@5,75
Extra Canadian	6,85@7,25
Fancy Genesee	6,25@6,75
Extra Genesee and city brands	6,25@7,50
Extra Kentucky	6,25@7,50

Corn meal is lower, with moderate sales at $1,12@1,25 ℔ 100 lbs.

Grain—In Wheat there is but little doing, but there is no change to note in prices, sales, white Canadian on p. t. Corn rather quiet at unchanged prices; sales at 50c for mixed Western and round yellow. Rye steady, with sales at 63@64c. Barley dull, no sales. Oats rather firm, with a good demand, sales at 30@31c for Canada East and State.

Feed—A quiet market with a good supply. Sales, 10 tuns coarse, at 45c.

BUFFALO, May 20.—Flour—In moderate home and interior demand, and market steady. Sales at $4,87½@5,25 for ordinary to choice extra Illinois and Wisconsin, $5,00@5,25 for fair to choice extra Indiana and Ohio, $5,50@6,12½ for double extras.

Grain—Wheat, market dull and nothing of importance doing. Sales Saturday afternoon Milwaukee club at 93c., No. 1 Chicago spring at 93½c, Sheboygan spring, bagged, at $1,05, ordinary to choice white Canada, part bagged, at $1,25@1,35, white Michigan at $1,30. This morning, Milwaukee club at 93c, and bagged white Michigan at $1,33. Corn, market dull and heavy, sales not strictly prime, Saturday afternoon, at 35@37½c.—Nothing doing this morning. Oats, market dull and heavy, sales Western, this morning, at 23c. Nothing doing in other grains, and no change to note in quotations.

OSWEGO, May 20.—Flour—Market steady.

Grain—Wheat quiet, no sales. Corn in moderate demand, sales new Illinois at 40c. Other grains nominal.

CHICAGO, May 20.—Flour—Nothing doing. Wheat firm and 2c higher, 91@92c for preferred currency. Corn a shade better.

TORONTO, May 15.—Flour—The business done in flour has been wholly confined to superior and extras, considerable quantities of which change hands. Prices are well maintained and known brands readily command outside quotations. Superfine has been very dull and difficult of sale. We quote

Superfine extra	$6,75@6,50
Extra	5,75@6,00
Fancy	5,15@5,30
No. 1	4,85@4,65
No. 2	4,00@4,25

Grain—The receipts of Winter wheat for the week have not exceeded 2,500 bushels from farmers' teams. We quote, for prime samples on the street, $1,20@1,27, ordinary, $1,18@1,18, common, $1,09@1,14. Spring wheat has been little inquired for, and the business done was very limited. Cargoes have been in the market without finding buyers. We quote 95c@$1 as the extreme prices. Barley continues quiet and unchanged at 50c.@52c. Peas dull and little offering at 40@45c. Oats continue in light supply and steady at 27@28c.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 14.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE	
First quality	$8,00@9,25
Ordinary quality	8,00@8,50
Common quality	7,50@8,00
Inferior quality	7,00@7,50
COWS AND CALVES	
First quality	$55,00@60,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@35,00
Inferior quality	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES	
First quality, ℔ lb	5 @5½c
Ordinary quality	4½@5 c
Common quality	4 @4½c
Inferior quality	3 @3½c
SHEEP AND LAMBS	
Prime quality	$5,00@6,50
Ordinary quality	4,00@4,50
Common quality	3,50@4,00
Inferior quality	3,00@3,25
SWINE	
First quality	4 @4½c
Other qualities	3½@3½c

ALBANY, May 20.—Beeves—The market is unusually large this week—larger than was expected by many hundreds, and much larger than is needed. The average quality is very fair, but owing to the large supply, prices have dropped ½c ℔ lb, live weight from last week's rates. At the opening a few sales were made at last week's prices, but the market has settled down to the decline indicated.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year.
Cattle	4,736	3,961	3,708
Sheep		1,231	2,316
Hogs		28	270

Prices—The market is quite active at the following prices.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	0 @ 0	0 @ 0
Extra	4½@4¾c	4½@4¾c
First quality	4 @4½c	4 @4½c
Second quality	3½@3¾c	3½@3¾c
Third quality	2¾@3¼c	3 @3¼c

Sheep—Owing to the light supply, and the improved demand, prices have gone up 50@75c ℔ head, and market is stiff at the advance. Sales about 700, including a lot of nearly 400 average 100 lbs, with the wool off, at 5c.

Hogs—Receipts light. Stores are held about the same as last week, while corn fed are doing better.—*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, May 15.—At market 565 cattle, about 500 beeves and 65 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

Beef Cattle—Prices, extra, $6,75@7,00, first quality, $6,50@0,00, second quality, $5,75@0,00, third quality, $0,00, ordinary quality, $0,00.

Working Oxen—None.

Cows and Calves—$30, $40@62.

Stores—Yearlings, $0@0; two years old, $00@00; three years old, $00@00.

Sheep and Lambs—2,273 at market. Prices—In lots $1,15@2,25; extra and selections, $3,25@5,50 each. Spring Lambs from $2,50@3 each.

Pelts—25c@$1,25 each.

Tallow—6½@7c ℔ lb.

Hides—4½@5c ℔ lb. Calf Skins—8@9c ℔ lb.

Veal Calves—$2,00@6.

BRIGHTON, May 16.—At market—1,320 Beef Cattle, 85 stores, 2,200 Sheep and Lambs, and 3,500 Swine.

Beef Cattle—Prices, extra, $7,25@0,00; 1st quality, $7,00@0,00, 2d do, $6,50@0,00, 3d do, $4,00@5,50.

Working Oxen—$95, $120@$157.

Milch Cows—$49@51, common, $20@21.

Veal Calves—$3,00@5,00.

Stores—Yearlings, $0@0, two-years old, $00@00, three years old, $17@19.

Hides—4½@5c ℔ lb.

Calf Skins—10@11c ℔ lb.

Tallow—6½@7c ℔ lb.

Pelts—25c@$1,25 each.

Sheep and Lambs—$1,25@2,00, extra, $3,00@5,55.

Swine—Store, wholesale 6@7c, retail, 6@8c. Fat Hogs, still fed, 4½c, corn fed, 5c. Spring Pigs, 11@11c.

TORONTO, May 15.—Beef—The supply of live stock in our market has been but moderate, though prices remain unchanged even in the absence of any delivery from farmers' wagons. First class, however, may be quoted at $4 ℔ 100 lbs, ordinary $4,00@4,75.

Hides—Beef hides $3,50@1 ℔ 100 lbs, calf skins 8@9c. ℔ lb., sheep skins 75c@$1 each, lamb skins 12½@15c. each.

Sheep are in demand at $5@7 each. Lambs scarce at $2@2,50.

Calves Plentiful.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 15.—The market remains inactive for nearly all descriptions. Foreign fine are entirely neglected, there is a light steady demand for low medium Wool suitable for army clothing, with this exception, the market is very dull and heavy. The closing sales of the week are 1,000 lbs. California Pulled, at 27c., 15,000 lbs. low medium pulled at 25@27c, 1,800 lbs. Fleeces, at 36c, net. There is no quotable change in prices.

American Saxony Fleece, ℔ lb	50@55
American full blood Merino	40@43
American half-blood and three-fourths Merino	38@42
American Native and one-fourth Merino	30@34
Extra Pulled	36@40
Superfine, Pulled	31@35
No. 1, Pulled	22@25
Lamb's, Pulled	27@30
California, extra	00@30
California, fine, unwashed	24@33
California, common do	10@13
Peruvian, washed	22@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	12@13
South American Mes, unwashed	16@23
South American Merino, unwashed	23@26
South American, common washed	10@13
South American Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	9@10
South American Cordova, washed	20½@22
Cape Good Hope unwashed	25@28
East India, washed	12@25
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	11@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

BOSTON, May 15.—There is a fair demand for both foreign and domestic at steady prices.

Saxony and Merino, fine	47@50	Western mixed	20@30
Full blood	44@47	Smyrna, washed	15@26
½ and ¾ blood	36@43	Do unwashed	9@17
Common	31@33	Syrian	10@23
Pulled, extra	40@45	Cape	19@30
Do. Superfine	28@30	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	22@32	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	16@20	Peruvian, washed	26@30

Married.

On the morning of May 8th, at St. Peters' Church, in this city, by the Rev. J. T. Coit, EUGENE H. KENDALL, of Rochester, and Miss LIBBIE L. KELLY, of Brighton, N. Y.

In Clarkson, on Wednesday, May 8th, by Rev. E. Nesbit, SAMUEL O. CARPENTER of Hamlin, and Miss MALVINA L. BABCOCK, of Clarkson.

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"GO MAD."

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Go mad!" said a wicked demon,
To Greece, in her classic height;
So the Peloponnesus bristled
With spear points flashing bright,
And force o'er virtue triumphed,
And justice slunk away,
And crime by language unbaptised,
Stalk'd forth in face of day.

"*Go mad!*" cried a subtle tempter,
Close lurking in Albion's shade,
Who the red rose, and the rose of snow,
His lying symbols made.
Then brother hated brother!
And friend his friend destroyed,
Till all the charities of race
Were desolate and void.

"*Go mad!*"—and with frantic fervor
Responded reckless France,
As she smote off the head of her stainless King,
And bid the lunatic dance,
Amid corses that fast from the guillotine fell,
Her sandals besprent with gore,—
Then bowed her neck to a heavier yoke
Than she had ever borne before.

"*Go mad!*" said the father of Evil
To the happiest realm on earth—
Where fountains of plenty, and peace, and power,
Gushed out with an Eden birth.
So she bared her throbbing bosom
And cut the cerements away,—
Grasping the pike and pistol,
All girt for deadly fray.
What next may be her convocant
Is known to Him alone
Who hears the voice of tearful prayer
From His benignant throne.

The Story-Teller.

MY FIRST EQUESTRIAN EXPERIENCE.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

I WAS just sixteen, and was spending the summer at my uncle JACK'S, in Summerville, the most beautiful of all Connecticut's beautiful villages. The beau of the place was PHIL DARRAH. Not that PHIL was by any means the only eligible young man in Summerville; but that he had a fortune left him by a maiden aunt, and he was intelligent, and good-looking, and fastidious, and asserted his superiority in such an indisputable way, that everybody yielded as a matter of course. The first time that I saw him was at church on the Sunday after my arrival. The good, droning, old clergyman was reading the first lesson, and the monotonous tone, combined with the waving of fans and the warm summer air, had lulled me into a dreamy state most unusual; and I sat and watched the waving boughs through the open window, and thought how much more gloriously their green-leaved tongues talked of heaven, than I feared the paper-leaved sermon on the pulpit would do.

SIDNEY SMITH has said that "a sparrow fluttering about the church, is an antagonist which the most profound theologian in Europe is wholly unable to overcome." This was verified in the case of good Mr. CLARKE on this day, for in the midst of the Sabbath stillness there was a slow, measured tread down the carpet aisle, and the bonnets of white, pink, or blue, which had been resolutely turned toward the pulpit, suddenly presented fronts to the aisle, and cheeks dimpled, and eyes lighted as they rested on the handsome young fellow who leisurely sauntered down to the pew in front of the chancel.

"So endeth the first lesson," said the minister, as the intruder took his seat. I telegraphed to my pretty little brown-eyed cousin to inquire his name, but she demurely smiled and turned over the leaves of her prayer book to the *Te Deum laudamus*.

Now my uncle JACK never missed anything that was going on in church, asleep or awake. I have seen him kneel down in his pew, and make all the responses as correctly as the clergyman, and indulge in a comfortable nap at the same time. So seeing my telegraph dispatch to JENNY, he whispered to me:

"It's of no use, CARRY, you are not rich enough for PHIL DARRAH. But take care, for he's a dreadful flirt."

"Diamond cut diamond," retorted I, as the congregation arose, and I saw that the individual in question was gazing earnestly at our pew.

I endeavored in vain after this to fix my thoughts earnestly on the beautiful church service. The green leaves, and the blue sky, and the soft summer air, had no longer power to woo my thoughts to the green pastures and the still waters of the celestial home. I was curiously speculating upon the character of the Adonis in the front pew.

Church was out, and we were sauntering leisurely along under the green arcades which shaded every street in Summerville, when JENNY whispered:

"Here he comes, CARRY," and she had scarcely finished ere "he" was at her side, and I was introduced to PHILLIP DARRAH.

How pleasantly the weeks glided by, that beautiful summer-time. Oh! the drives, and the sails, and the pic-nics, and the fruit parties. And always by my side was that tall and handsome PHIL DARRAH, with his gray eyes and curling hair, and a certain *je ne sais quoi* of manner that kept my heart in a perpetual flutter. I say "always," but sometimes, as I sat by the parlor window of an evening, I would see him go in at Mr. LOOMIS' on the opposite corner; and Mr. LOOMIS' disagreeable niece, with her sixty thousand dollars, who was then on a visit to her uncle, would play and sing for him till I vowed *I* would never touch an ivory key again.

"It won't do, CARRY," said my uncle Jack, after one of these evenings. "She sung 'Am I not fondly thine own,' last night, and to-day I saw DARRAH'S coachman leave a magnificent bouquet there."

"Handsomer than this?" said I, rushing into the parlor, and bringing out a vase of superb hot-house flowers in my hand.

"Why, no, I don't know that it was," replied uncle JACK, slowly. "So there are 'two strings to your *beau*,' are there?" and he laughed at his own pun.

"But, CARRY, she's rich, child."

"So am I."

"You!" and uncle JACK threw himself back in his chair and laughed immoderately, "why you little sinner, you've hardly money enough to keep you from starving."

I walked to the mirror and surveyed myself complacently.

"Yes, sir," said I, turning around to my astonished uncle, "I am rich in good looks, (I *was* thought handsome) and she's such a skinny little thing, that it always puts one in mind of 'the dry bones, rattling.' Then I am rich, sir, in my youth, and hope, and health, and elastic spirit. Oh, I am far richer, uncle JACK; *she* can't buy one of these."

"But PHIL DARRAH may not value all these as highly as you do, CAD. Sixty thousand dollars with his own fortune is no trifle, child."

"Then he's not worth all my riches," said I, contemptuously; but I think now that I must have replaced the vase on the bouquet table with a little temper, for the water flew over my hands and a *souvenir* rose fell to pieces.

But for a week after this, in all our amusements, PHILLIP DARRAH was by my side. ADALINE LOOMIS ogled and dressed and sung in vain. All her invitations, to "Come rest in this bosom," he virtuously resisted, and I began to think that my riches *were* of the better kind. The demonstrations on the gentleman's part were growing more marked. Night after night I would be awakened by the softest music under my window, and morning after morning a gorgeous bouquet graced my table. Sometimes the serenade would be given by half a dozen young men, with whom PHIL was intimate, who performed on as many different instruments, and all of whom sung well; but I noticed that if our last conversation had had at all of a serious or sentimental turn, that my serenade was always of the softest, love-inspiring flute solo, or an exquisite song with a guitar accompaniment. Occasionally, too, instead of the compact pyramid bouquet, there would be left at the hall-door for me, a few white and blush rose-buds, half buried in heliotrope and mignonette.

What impressible girl of sixteen could withstand all this? I sighed profoundly when the solitary serenader took a last look at my window and departed; and always carried the unpretending rose-buds and heliotrope up to my chamber.

I was entirely satisfied with the state of affairs. Of all things that PHILLIP DARRAH excelled in, and they were many, he excelled in nothing so much as horsemanship. I have many a time watched him as far as I could see him down the street, as he passed by on Brown Tom, his fine figure having nothing of the rigidity of the awkward equestrian; but seemingly moved by the same impulse as the horse, he accommodated himself with the most flexible grace to its every motion. The beast seemed proud of being managed by such a master. I have almost clapped my hands when I have seen him go prancing by, with eyes flashing, neck arched, and nostrils snorting, and have been quite as ready to resign my heart to the horse as to the man.

"Miss CARRY," said PHIL, entering my uncle's parlor one evening, "we are going to make up an equestrian party for the day after to-morrow, and you *must* go. We shall start a little after day-light, take breakfast at old mother JONES', at Silver Spring, and return before the day gets worn."

"But I was never on a horse in my life, Mr. DARRAH. I am very sorry, but I can't go."

"Why you are the most courageous lady in our sailing parties. You are not afraid."

"Not at all afraid, but I should be frightfully awkward, and I do not care to risk my reputation."

"*You* could not be awkward," was the reply, in a low voice, and a tone that sent the blood dancing around my heart. This last sentence determined me. I would not run the gantlet of comparison with ANNY LOOMIS, who I knew was to be of the party, and who was an accomplished horsewoman.

But the next evening, PHIL came again to resume his persuasions. I felt that I could not get off without being rude, and in truth I had some curiosity to know what a ride on horseback was like. At last I consented to go, and Mr. DARRAH went out to engage a horse for me, and send me down a habit and hat that belonged to a married sister.

I slept but little that night. There was a certain *empressement* in my admirer's manner, when he took my hand at parting, which made me feel that it required only a favorable opportunity for me to be invited to be Mrs. PHILLIP DARRAH. I felt some anxiety, too, as to the becomingness of my habit and hat. I was up by the peep of day, that I might practice gathering up my skirt gracefully.

The lady to whom the dress belonged was, unfortunately, as slender as a bean pole, while I considered myself proportioned more after the fashion of the Venus de Medici. I pulled and tugged at the hooks and eyes till my finger bones were almost broken. I went to the bed and woke my cousin, who declared she would not get up at that hour of the day, to go on such a party, for the best horse in Christendom.

"JENNY," said I, in despair, "It will require a windlass to bring this body together. Do get up and help me."

JENNY rubbed her eyes, got out of bed good naturedly, and then sat down and laughed.

"It's no laughing matter, JENNY!" I exclaimed, dolefully, "do stop and help me. It won't meet by quarter of a yard."

"Put a piece of black cloth underneath, and then fasten a hook here and there, if you can," she at length suggested.

So it was arranged, more to the satisfaction of the eye than to the comfort of my person, for I felt as if I was in a vice. But my black plumed hat was becoming, and I tried to make the best of it.

At last I heard the tramping of horses' feet, and saw the party stop at Mr. LOOMIS' for ADDY. I felt some misgivings at the moment, but when I saw her put her foot in PHIL DARRAH'S hand, and spring like a bird to her horse, the whole thing seemed so easy that I was re-assured. She settled herself in her saddle, and gathered up her reins with all the calmness of a thorough horsewoman. The party then came across for me. There were four or five ladies, all of whom were accustomed to riding. I descended and opened the hall door just as PHIL mounted the steps. The first thing I did was to get my feet so entangled in the skirt of my dress, in spite of my practice, that I was precipitated into Mr. DARRAH'S arms. It might have been in a worse place, to be sure, but still it was awkward. ADDY LOOMIS sat and toyed with her whip, and watched me maliciously.

"Place your left foot on my hand, Miss CARRY, if you please," said PHIL, who saw that I did not know how to proceed when I got to the horse.

I did as directed, with both hands hanging by my side.

"Take the snaffle in your right hand, and then grasp the pommel," said my instructor.

I did not know the snaffle from the martingal.

PHIL dropped my foot, placed the rein in my hand, (I thought it took him longer to do it than was absolutely necessary,) and showing me how to take hold of the pommel.

"I am dreadfully awkward," said I, my face burning, and feeling ten times more nervous, when I saw the smile on ADDY LOOMIS' countenance.

"Not at all awkward," was the reply, "you will do famously when you are once on. You must permit me to give you some lessons. Now, spring from your right foot."

I did spring, but somehow my joints doubled up like a carpenter's rule, and down I came, with my left foot still in PHIL'S hand, though I think he was standing some distance further off than when I first attempted to mount.

"Try again," said my instructor. "Let me take your foot in both my hands, then keep your left limb stiff, and I am sure we can manage it."

I did try again vigorously. I performed the rule action the second time, in spite of being told to keep my joints stiffened. I got half way up the side of the horse, and clung to the saddle; there I hung like MAHOMET'S coffin. I think now that I must have given the lookers-on the benefit of some frog-like motions with my lower limbs; for I know I worked them vigorously before I got to the saddle. When once there I seated myself triumphantly, pannier-fashion, with my face toward Uncle Jack's front door, and my right ear on a line with my horse's head.

"Put your right limb over the pommel," was PHIL'S next order, with an annoyed look. His face was dreadfully flushed, too; no doubt the effort of raising one hundred and twenty pounds, dead weight; and the faultless kid gloves very much split.

"Now take your rein in your left hand," proceeded PHIL, as he gathered up the reins which I had dropped in my scrambling, and gave them me.

"The left hand!" exclaimed I, for I could argue if I could not ride horseback, "why, that's preposterous,— as if the right hand was not much stronger and more dexterous than the left."

"The left hand is the proper one, nevertheless," was the cool rejoinder of my companion, who was being vexed at the ridiculous aspect of affairs.

"Well, I'll try it; but if I do not like it, I shall certainly use the other," said I, resolutely.

I happened to glance just then at my chamber window, and there was that vixen of a JENNY peeping through the blinds, and laughing till the tears ran down her face. She was gesticulating violently at the same time, and pointing to my bodice. I looked down, and found that in my efforts to mount, I had broken off nearly every hook which kept it together. To drop the reins and seize my dress by both hands was the work of an instant. In the meantime, the rest of the party had started forward. My horse followed in a hard trot, in spite of my screaming out "ho, wo now, stop," and all the other phrases in the equine vocabulary. I instinctively grasped my dress with my left hand, while I pulled on the reins with my right, till I jerked the curb so hard that the horse stood on his hind feet.

Just then PHIL missed me, and looked around. There was an amused expression on his face as he caught sight of me in this comical position.

"Don't use your curb, Miss CARRY," he said, "Old Nick isn't used to it."

"Old Nick!" I exclaimed. I was in despair. He was known as one of the roughest, most obstinate beasts in Summerville. But I would not ask to go back. There was a spirit of endurance in me that would have made me a martyr in the days of the early church. So I bounded along, rising nearly a foot from the saddle at every step the horse took, till I felt as if flesh and bones were beaten to a jelly. Sometimes my right hand, sometimes my left, sometimes both my hands, were employed to hold in my tormenter. He seemed to have a vicious desire to keep half a length ahead of every other horse of the party.

"If he would only canter it would be easier, but he wont," said PHIL, coming to my side.

"I *feel* that," replied I, grasping at my bodice again, "it was very kind of you to procure me so fine a hackney," I continued, bitterly.

"I am very sorry; but you decided to go at so very late an hour, that every decent horse in the place was engaged."

All this was said with the comfortable feelings of a person who knew that he was riding splendidly, and looking supremely handsome. Brown Tom was in the best of spirits, and went along in a slow, stately gait, his mouth so light that the tension of the rein did not make a crease in his master's glove. PHIL'S jocky cap was set jauntily on the top of his brown curls, and his velvet riding-coat was of the most unexceptionable fit.

What a contrast I presented! With what pins I could find, I had managed to stick one here and there in my bodice, between the bounces of Old Nick, but now it was requiring whichever hand I was not using to keep my hat straight and the hair out of my eyes. The very hair that I had been so proud of, in its length and abundance, nearly drove me wild. At last down it came, and I went along bounce, bounce, thump, thump, till it enveloped me like the Lady GODIVA'S.

After an eternity, it seemed to me, we reached Silver Spring. Never was a poor soul as glad of a respite from torture as I was. I attempted to jump from my horse, as I saw others do, but was so stiff and bruised that I pitched headlong, for the second time that morning, into PHIL DARRAH'S arms.

Mrs. JONES, who expected us, had breakfast ready, and after binding up my hair, I determined not to think of the return, but to enjoy myself as much as possible. As for that ANNY LOOMIS, she hopped around like a bird, pitying me, and talking of the delights of riding on horseback at the same time. PHIL asked me to be helped to a second saucer of strawberries, but *insisted* upon *her* taking more. I felt that my kingdom had departed.

How I dreaded to return home, only the uninitiated victim of a hard trotting horse can tell. When once seated, I thought I should never be able to move again. I did not trust to my skill in mounting from PHIL'S hand this time, but got on Old Nick's back in the good old orthodox fashion—from a chair.

My return commenced with the old bounce, bounce, enlivened occasionally with a flap of the arms, very much like that of the wings of a rooster before he crows. At last I got out of all patience, and taking the whip, which I had hung on the crutch of the saddle, not knowing how to hold it and my horse too, I gave Old Nick half a dozen cuts, as hard as my strength and temper would let me lay on. The beast gave a spring, put his head down between his fore legs, *I* thought, and was off. I was charmed with the experiment, the gait was so easy, and shooted back in my triumphant delight to those I had left. I never looked around, but I heard the clatter of horses' feet behind me for awhile, and then I pleased myself with the idea that *I* had distanced them all.

On and on went Old Nick and myself, I occasionally laughing in my delight at the rapid motion and easy pace, and giving the animal a cut if I found any indication of his flagging. Women and children rushed out of cottages at our approach, and the men working in the fields threw down their implements and hurried to the roadside. But what cared Old Nick and I for their admiration? How we gloried in our wild huntsman gallop, and how stirringly the fresh morning air whizzed through our ears. I took no heed of the way, for I philosophically concluded that my horse knew it better than myself, and on we went.

At last I noticed that we had left the high road, and turned up a narrow lane. I had not time to wonder at our whereabouts, when, in the midst of his full career, Old Nick stopped, with his head over a fence. He nearly had me over it too. The shock was awful, and I found myself entirely off the saddle, on the top of the pommel, with both arms around the horse's neck. After the first moment of bewilderment was over, I cautiously made my way back to the seat of the saddle. Then came the tug of war with the beast. Take his head from over the fence, or his eyes off that green field, he would not.

My ride had given me courage. I pulled and whipped, and coaxed, all to no purpose. The horse was as immovable, and as deaf to my tones of endearment, as the bronze one in the equestrian statue of Washington. Presently a prolonged "whinney," and a frightful shaking of the animal's whole body, nearly startled me from my seat. I looked across the field, and answering the salutation, there came a great black beast, full tilt, tail and mane flying, as he made his way toward us. I expected every moment that Nick would attempt to take the fence to meet him, but the impertorbable old fellow only gave a slight grunt of satisfaction. Then they put their heads together, and appeared to hold a long communication by means of some kind of equine magnetic telegraph.

I pulled and whipped and coaxed away again, all to no purpose. I did not know then what I afterward discovered, that Old Nick had vivid recollections of having passed all the spring in that same green field with his ugly black companion. I would not give up, but I was beginning to tire of this "masterly inactivity," when, to my great relief, I saw PHIL DARRAH and some of the gentlemen coming rapidly down the lane.

"Thank heaven! you are not dashed to pieces," was the first exclamation I heard.

I looked around triumphantly, and said:

"Oh, I have had a delightful ride. How much better Old Nick's canter is, (you call it a canter, don't you?) how much easier it is than that horrid trot."

"He never cantered a step in his life. He was running away with you," said PHIL, evidently out of all patience.

"Was he? well, I didn't know it. I wish he would always run away with me, then," was my cool rejoinder.

By this time the ladies of the party came up. Each had to tell how frightened she was, and ANNY LOOMIS declared she had nearly fainted—from joy, I suppose.

The ugly customer in the field was whipped away, and Old Nick tugged at till he condescended to turn his head toward his oats. We walked the rest of the way home peaceably. I dismounted at the door, and went up to my bed, where I lay three days unable to move, without the power to raise my hands to my head. I missed the most splendid pic-nic of the season, up at the "Pond of White Lilies," and where PHIL proposed to ANDY LOOMIS. I returned home in the fall, and immediately took riding lessons of the best teacher I could find. I can sit a horse like Miss Amazon, but I shall never forget that I was not only nearly beaten to a jelly, but lost PHIL DARRAH by that "FIRST EQUESTRIAN EXPEDITION."

THE EDITOR CENSURED

FOR OMISSION OF IMPORTANT DUTY TO THE PUBLIC.

MR. MOORE—*Sir*: I hope to find fault with an editor. I am a modest man, and dislike exceedingly to take the position of a censor of the RURAL, especially so when I consider that I may be snubbed with the somewhat pertinent inquiry, "Do you not get your money's worth?" But "while I muse the fire burns," and, begging your pardon, I think I may as well free my mind.

You are behind the times, Mr. Editor. You don't keep up with the "spirit of the press;" I supposed you went in for "Progress and improvement." When you took "Excelsior" for your motto, I thought you meant to get ahead and keep ahead of all competitors, but where do I find you? Leagues in the rear, sir—actually crawling.

Now, I like consistency. I advise you to scratch out that motto from your next issue and substitute a snail rampant. "But what have I done?" you ask. I answer, "Nothing." It's of what you have left undone I speak. Now, Mr. Editor, *I take the papers*—religious, political, benevolent, miscellaneous, agricultural, &c., and these long evenings I read what I like in them—sermons, secession news, love stories, essays by H. T. B., advertisements, &c. By so doing I hope to become a wiser if not a better man, and in the name of decency, I wish to inquire why it is that the RURAL of all the crowd—the RURAL, that my wife says is worth more than all the rest—the RURAL, that my boys fight for when it comes from the office, should refuse to publish those advertisements that come with healing on their wings?

No Medical Advertisements! Why, sir, you *are* infatuated. These form part and parcel of nearly every paper I take—or borrow—except yours. *I* can get along; but think of the poor man who takes no other paper—what can *he* know of those benefactors of mankind who have scoured this lower world, ransacked the bowels of the earth, gone down in diving bells, and ascended to the skies in balloons, in search of remedial agents? What can he know of the tremendous plunges they are every day making into the science of medicine, and how they rise, bearing aloft in triumph some pill, sirup, or balsam, which is calculated (see advertisements) to put to flight whole armies of diseases, and to send M. D's, undertakers, and grave-diggers into some other business? What does he know of the "Pectorals," "Sarsaparillas," "Liver Invigorators," "Pills," "Specifics," &c.! But over all, and beyond all, what does he know of "Spalding's Cephalic Pills?"

Mr. Editor, I think I can understand how, in sheer wilfulness, you have stouted it out against the "fettered Physicians," "Disabled Clergymen," &c., but how you have withstood the seductive influences of said Spalding, with his instructive, amusing, and profound advertisement, a column in length, is more than I can understand, when he so earnestly desires to point out to a diseased and suffering public the way to health and life. Does he not give the New York Tribune $30,000 to insert said advertisement one year? Would he not make your already well-filled purse [!!?—ED.] still more plethoric for the same service? How disinterested in him, to scatter money so freely that "all the world" may be healed, and how heartless in you to refuse to publish the good news, even when you might be well paid for it. Had I, Mr. Editor, the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I think I should feel it my duty, by close personal appeals, to endeavor to apply the truth to your conscience. Please observe, again, that I do not complain so much for myself as for less fortunate ones. Taking other papers, I get four columns of Cephalic Pills a week. As these are to be continued through the year, I already have the assurance of 208 columns. These, united, would make a ladder reaching to the skies. Laid upon the ground it would rival in length, and in other ways, the famous sea serpent. Used as an auger, and "run into the ground," it would go deep enough for an oil well, and constitute, as you and your readers must all admit, the biggest kind of a "bore."

Please believe that I am your friend. Most of your friends praise you. A true friend will praise judiciously, but will administer reproof when needed, kindly, yet firmly. Trusting that I shall not have occasion to take up my pen again, I leave the subject for your consideration. Truly yours,

RED CROSS.

Wit and Humor.

TOASTS BY THE TRADES.

FROM a list of professional toasts said to have been made at a New England celebration at Milwaukee, we take the following:

By a Baker.—"The Storm of Liberty"—It rose in the yeast—may it continue to give its light until it has leavened the whole world, and prepared for the last great baking.

By a Dry Goods Merchant—"Our National Flag"—May we never measure it by yards, nor sell it without a respectable advance on its first cost, adding transportation and insurance.

By a Printer—"Plymouth Rock"—The imposing stone on which the form of our liberties was made up—may it be a type of their perpetuity.

By a Tailor—"The American Union"—Buttoned up by the patriotism of our ancestors—may its needle of virtuous indignation prick the goose that attempts to rip it asunder.

By a Miller—"The Mayflower"—Ground from the grist of oppression, it turned out no shorts.

By a Forwarder—"The Boston Tea Party"—May its memory be stored away by all who attempt to exact illegal commission.

By a Banker—"The Pilgrim Stock"—Above par in every market.

OWED TO JEFF. DAVIS.

DEAR Jeff., you're a queer *rara avis*;
'Tis said that to *Peace* you're inclined.
If that is the case, Mr. Davis,
I'll give you a *piece*—of my mind.
As with rebels you hold close communion,
And stir with your country to cope,
You'll find when you're "out of the Union,"
You'll be—*at the end of your rope*!

FINANCIAL.—A friend hands us the following epigrammatical illustration of the financial condition of affairs at Montgomery and Washington.

MONTGOMERY.

"Alas!" says Jeff Davis, "I'm sick of this job,
Nary red can be shelled—there's nothing but Cobb."

WASHINGTON.

Abe Lincoln keeps cool and enjoys the thing well—
Full bags and full cribs—how these Yankees do shell.

A SAFE MAN TO INSURE.—By a steamboat explosion on a Western river, a passenger was thrown, unhurt, into the water, and at once struck out lustily for the shore, blowing like a porpoise all the while. He reached the bank almost exhausted, and was caught by a bystander, and drawn out panting.

"Well, old fellow," said his friend, "had a hard time, eh?"

"Ye-yes, pretty hard, considerin'. Wasn't doin' it for myself, though; was a workin' for one o' th' insurance offices in New York. Got a policy on my life, and I wanted to save *them*. I didn't care."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 17 letters.
My 13, 5, 7, 16 is a small, pointed piece of metal.
My 1, 7, 13, 10 is a metal
My 3, 0, 12, 7, 17 is a very useful piece of furniture.
My 11, 2, 6, 16 is an animal.
My 4, 8, 13, 14 is a part of a clock
My whole is the name of a United States Senator.

Clayton, Len Co., Mich., 1861. A. M. BAKER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANALYTICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of three parts. My first, when a noun, is an ornament worn by a certain religious sect, when an adjective, it denotes a very unpleasant state of feeling. My second, when a verb, signifies to incise; when a noun, it denotes an incision. My third, when a noun, is a tool used by mechanics; when a verb, it is always in the past tense. My whole is always a noun, and is used by farmers and Mechanics.

Panama, N. Y., 1861. OASDUB.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PUZZLE.

G2t th2 b2st p1p29 38 th2 w49ld—74492's 95911 82w-y49k29

Tipton, 1861. J. W. A.

☞ Answer in two weeks

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM

WHAT is the number in which, if you add its half, its third, its fourth, and its sixth, and fifty four more, it will than be tripled?

Mesopotamia, O., 1861. C. N. BAYES.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 591.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Robert Anderson.

Answer to Bouquet of Flowers:—Cuckoo-pint; Bur-glass; Hare-bell; Card-a-mine; Haw thorn; Frank in cense; King-cup; Polly-an-thus; Japan rose; Queen-rocket; Pride-of-China; Dew plant.

Answer to Riddle:—Seven, Seven, Eve.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—A, $10.40, B, $8.80, C, $5.60. Total, 24.80.

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